

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1867.

JOSEPH BENSON.

BY REV. SAMUEL DUNN.

ABOUT fifty years ago, on my first visit to London, I took from a friend a manuscript sermon, for the Methodist Magazine, to Benson, the venerable editor. When he came from his study to the parlor I was particularly struck with his appearance. He was dressed in a plain, single-breasted coat and dark-green velvet small clothes; was scarcely of medium height, of a pale, slender figure, slightly stooping, a dark eye, quivering lip, feeble voice, a broad, intellectual forehead, nearly bald, and a countenance deeply serious yet placid; his whole behavior was gentle and fatherly, and he soon began to make inquiry respecting the work of God in my native Cornwall. Two years after, when stationed in the Redruth circuit, I frequently heard the aged members speak of his successful visit in 1795, when many hundreds of souls were awakened under his powerful ministry; how their attention was arrested, their eyes fastened on the preacher, his voice thrilled through their hearts, the divine unction that attended his words, the penitential tears that flowed down their cheeks, the number of sinners that fell prostrate to the ground, whose humble wailings pierced the skies till they obtained deliverance; how, when preaching to fifteen thousand in the front-street from, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting," after weighing several characters, coming to the miser he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Men of Mall, help! help! we are about to weigh a man with the world fast to him!" and when he preached in a field about two miles from the town, how some among the thousands flocking to hear him, met the steward of a gentleman and asked him to accompany them, when he made the rude reply that

he would hear no Methodist unless he would give him something to drink. When they had passed on he took a second thought, and resolved to go. He arrived at the place just as Benson was giving out for his text, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Many were in deep distress, and among them was the steward, who fell upon his knees and cried, "Lord, humble my pride! Lord, convert my soul!" till he received forgiveness; and he became a consistent Methodist to the end of his days.

Benson was preëminently great as a preacher. He neglected no means in preparing for the pulpit. His mind was stored with general knowledge. With the languages in which the Bible was first written he was familiar. Few divines have had a more profound and extensive knowledge of the Greek Testament. His sermons were closely studied and well arranged. There was nothing very dignified in his person, graceful in his manner, melodious in his voice, elegant in his style, nor refined in his taste; there was no play of fancy, splendor of imagination, witchery of elocution; no abstruse thought or keen logic, no display of learning, nor of luminous, discriminating, consecutive argumentation; but there was always the evidence of a vigorous intellect, sound judgment, accurate scholarship, and a strong memory. He clearly apprehended and stated the truth, ably defended it, forcibly enforced it, and generally made it plain to his hearers. He could command suitable language to express his thoughts, and was never at a loss for an illustration. The leading characteristic of his ministry was *power*. He had great self-possession, was never abashed by the largest assembly, adapted his subjects to his hearers, was deeply serious, felt as one who had a message to warn men to flee from the wrath to come; preached as if he saw heaven opening above him, hell

moving beneath him, and eternity stretching before him. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; more closely resembled the Baptist, stern and awful, than the great Master, who, full of grace, said, Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; more a son of thunder than of consolation; more frequently rolled the curses of Sinai against transgressors, than by melting tenderness attracted to Calvary; was more successful in saving by fear, pulling them out of the fire, than in alluring to brighter worlds.

Adam Clarke, when addressing the vast concourse assembled at Benson's funeral, alluding to this peculiar character of his preaching, said, "You have heard this man's *terrible ministry*." He told me that he had Benson in his eye when in his "Letter to a Preacher" he said, "Some men made even the promises so hot that Christians could not hold them." Again he remarked, "He used to preach sermons enough to alarm hell and frighten the devil," and then bore this honorable testimony, "No one that has not heard Benson preach can form a correct idea of the greatness of the man; he was a powerful preacher, a sound scholar, and a profound theologian."

Whatever his subject, he would make it bear not only on the understandings, but on the hearts and consciences of his hearers. On one occasion when passing through Leicester, the celebrated Robert Hall invited him to his pulpit. Benson preached from, "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath this Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Hall exclaimed, "Irresistible! perfectly irresistible!" Benson was deliberate and dispassionate at the commencement of his discourse, opening it out, explaining and establishing it by passages of Scripture; but after he had cleared the way, got fully into his subject, he stirred up the depths of his soul, the fire kindled, his action became more violent, enunciation more rapid, voice more elevated, not melodious, but piercing, rousing, thrilling, crushing. His words dropped as bolts of fire shot from heaven upon his hearers, or they would bend as the trees of the forest before a mighty wind. He thus writes of his preaching at a village in Cornwall, dear to me: "I had not spoken long before such ideas were presented to my mind, and words given to me, that many were cut to the heart on all sides. Numbers were in tears, and many cried out in distress in different parts of the congregation. I continued speaking till I could speak no

more." The solemnity of his appearance, weight of his matter, earnestness of his manner, Demosthenean eloquence, the lightning flashes of his intellect, tremendous appeals to the conscience, depth of religious experience, and the unction of the Holy One that richly rested on him, gave to his sermons a high degree of impressiveness. They were also remarkable for their richness of evangelical truth. The evidences and the doctrine of salvation, present, free, and full, were their staple. He wrote his sermons, but did not take the manuscript into the pulpit. Though he made good use of his memory, his preaching was mostly extemporaneous. He used great plainness of speech, and could not be easily misunderstood. He crowded his sermons with texts of Scripture, and quoted poetry, perhaps too frequently and at too great length.

He was greater as a preacher than a writer. He was never coarse, feeble, nor obscure; and he was never elegant, brilliant, original, or particularly energetic. He wrote several pamphlets, chiefly polemical, edited Wesley's Works, Fletcher's Works, eleven volumes of the Christian Library, and for sixteen years the Methodist Magazine. But his chief work was his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, that contains much accurate criticism and valuable information. His was a life of laborious toil. He was employed on his Commentary for eight years, from 5 o'clock in the morning to 11 at night, allowing time only for meals. Of this valuable work Carlton & Porter have sold 54,000 volumes, or 10,800 sets. It is impossible to calculate the glorious results of such an extensive circulation throughout the United States. The issue of Clarke's Commentary from this same Book Concern has been even more extensive, amounting to no less than 156,500 volumes, or 26,084 sets. But great as were Benson's talents, they were excelled by his unfeigned piety, profound humility, inflexible integrity, noble disinterestedness, great self-denial, purity of conversation, and general consistency of his life. He was born at Kirk-Oswald, Cumberland, England, January 25, 1748; at eighteen years of age, appointed by Wesley classical master of Kingswood School, and by Fletcher, when but twenty-two, to the office of Head Master of Trevecca College; studied at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford; twice President of the Wesleyan Conference; died in London, February 16, 1821, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and fiftieth of his ministry, one of the brightest ornaments of Methodism. His name will always be held in honorable esteem, with that of the venerable founder of Methodism.

## A DAY AT THE PYRAMIDS.

BY MARY C. LOWE.

IT is an excursion that requires one day if we visit only the Pyramids of Ghezeh, or Geezeh; if we go also to Sakkara, to the pyramids of Dashoor, and to the site of ancient Memphis, the journey will require two days at least, and give us a night to sleep at, or, as some people have done, in the pyramids. As the latter places may be taken in the trip up the Nile, we decide upon trying one day only, well assured if it gives us a sight and a comprehension of the largest of all, it can not fail to be a satisfactory trip.

We get our coffee at an hour when the sun is yellowing the edges of the palm leaves and the acacia buds, and brightening the roof of the little pagoda, where the people amuse themselves with billiards when the afternoons grow warm. The waiters are busy with a large, square lunch basket, furnished with tin cups and pewter spoons, which basket invariably goes upon excursions like that we propose. A small Nubian boy puts it before him on a donkey, and perched behind clasps two little black naked arms about it, showing, above, two shining rows of teeth and a woolly head. We have often seen him come riding in at night, bringing up the rear of a company, looking like an image of an Indian idol. I think he was the most picturesque member of the party on the morning in question, for we started off in very ordinary fashion. The coachman for once is the wearer of a hat and jacket, and I really missed the flaunting yellow handkerchief worn by my favorite Syrian.

Through the streets in the early morning, picturesque in themselves with all the charm of Oriental architecture and Oriental costumes; under the shadow of latticed windows; getting now and then a look at a minaret shining in the sun; going on with more ease than usual, because the throngs that usually make passage impossible, unless a carriage has the aid of a runner to clear the way, are not yet out of their homes; over mounds of broken walls and crockery that make the ruins of old Cairo, and at last down by the banks of the Nile.

This is our first voyage on the mighty river, and certainly one calculated to dispel effectually any romantic illusions concerning it. Here it lies, not the strong golden current that flowed for centuries from a mysterious source, and bore centuries on centuries of mysterious life into the ocean of the past, from whose depths the most daring have never been able to bring

more than fragments of the wreck; not a grand Appian way, paved with a glittering mosaic of sunlit waters, beside which living palms waved above the tombs of buried kings, but a sluggish, muddy, slippery current, filthy and fogwrapped, suggestive of fitting homes for crocodiles, and holding out no temptation to spend a month or two, as we proposed, upon its bosom. Along the nearer bank lay a line of wretched boats manned by blacks, each with no other garment than a turban and a cotton shirt. A long talk ensued among the owners of the opposition lines and our dragoman, with regard to which party should secure the job of ferrying us across, during which delay arrived the donkeys who were to help us upon the journey beyond the river.

At last our valiant Mohammed selected one, and beating right and left with his stick among the rest as if they were so many dogs, till they went off growling as if they themselves believed they were, we descended from the carriage and picked our way through the mud to the bank. Then amid a crowd of sneering Mussulmans, who sat in the doorways smoking and sipping coffee, we went sliding down a bank at an angle of sixty degrees, and one by one were pulled into the old scow. Then we huddled aft, while one after another came the donkeys, some meekly and willingly, some only by aid of kicks and curses, and some actually brought on board in the arms of their masters. So, shivering as in an ague fit, with donkeys and fierce-looking Nubians for companions du voyage, a grinning, sneering row of Mussulmans behind, and a parting salute of mud from naked Arab children on the bank, we drifted out into the fog, and into the Nile.

At the landing Mohammed had another contest to get the donkeys off the boat, and to keep the beggars away from us. They begged in the name of Allah and the prophet; they cursed in the names of all the saints of which a Mussulman has any knowledge; they invoked maledictions upon our fathers and grandfathers, and our ancestry generally; they called us sons and daughters of dogs, and demanded back-sheesh in the most imperious manner. A few blows of the dragoman's stick put them, however, to silence and to flight. It is surprising to a stranger to see how the poor are beaten in this country, and more surprising to see how they submit to it. The policeman uses a whip in the street, the taskmaster uses a whip on his laborers, the coachman lashes any person in the crowd who chances to get in his way, and in no instance have I seen any one struck who did not also seem cowed. It is a curious caval-

cade that, arrayed in broad-brimmed hats, with muslin curtains hanging about our necks to protect them from the sun, and white umbrellas above our heads, goes scampering through Gheezeh and the other villages of mud huts, through fields of grain that are bright and green this January day, through forests of towering palm-trees, and at last out upon the white sands of the desert. We stopped a moment to look at a man plowing, with an ox and a camel yoked together. A glance in our direction brought his primitive team to a halt, and he ran over to ask for "backsheesh." A small boy, quite naked, ran down from a hut by the roadside, with a water jug, which he filled in the nearest mud-pond, and trotting along by our animals offered us for refreshment. Countless figures in flowing garments issued from the villages and stood before us, offering scarabei and images for sale—veritable antiques manufactured at Birmingham. At last we strike the sand, and go straight on toward the pyramids, that at first stood up so vague and shadowy against the horizon—yet have been for two hours growing nearer and nearer—great gray monuments rising on a white waste of sand under a sky of turquoise blue. Little specks of dark moving objects were to be discerned on the top. Nearer we saw they were human figures attempting the ascent. Slowly as we approached a face formed itself, first like a shadow on the earth, next into features of a human countenance seemingly made of the sand, and rising like a spirit of the desert disturbed in slumber by approach of human feet, and challenging the intruder with its inquiring eyes. Nearer still and the sand is changed to stone, and we passed on under the steady gaze of the immovable countenance of the desert Sphinx. It is an indescribable face. One would be puzzled to tell what it is in it that enchains the interest and exerts an almost irresistible fascination over the mind of the beholder. It is not the strong Nubian features, the covered brow, the full lips, the wide-opened eyes; it may be the expression of unspeakable serenity and dignity over it all; and it may be the thought of what that face has looked upon in its stony calmness during centuries that are dead—watching the life the Nile bore on to the sea of the past—watching all the searching among the wrecks, and knowing just where are the hidden things, yet never opening its lips to tell, never smiling encouragement to the reverent seeker, or frowning upon the sacrilegious hands that robbed the tombs of the treasures it had guarded so long and well; it may be its unchangeableness in the midst of such mighty

change, an attribute in which it seems to partake the nature of the infinitely changeless One.

I know not how much is due to association, nor how much to the object itself, yet it is certainly the most suggestive and impressive of ancient monuments. One approaches silently and half-awed a desert domain, of which this seems to be the ruler and the guard.

The Sphinx is cut entirely in the solid rock, and though it has once been completely excavated, yet the sand drifts again over it, hiding the lion's body, but leaving the human head and face, and the paws. This result is not so unsatisfactory as it would be if the face were not so nobly human as to make us half glad there remains the body of no beast to dispel a very pleasant illusion. Between its paws stood once, says Wilkinson, a small sanctuary, with a court before it fifty feet in length, across whose entrance extended a wall reaching from paw to paw. The excavations show that this was a colossal figure of a sedent human-headed lion, wearing a royal crown with the sacred asp in front. Fragments of a plaited beard were found in the sands below it, which do away with its once conceived feminine character. It was worshiped by the Egyptians, and regarded by them as a guardian and king of their country. Upon the tablets that composed the walls of this little sanctuary the kings are represented as making offerings to the Sphinx.

One might sit just here before this face so cruelly defaced and injured, and go back tonight repaid for the journey in every sense; but all around us in the sand stand, not the gigantic pyramids alone, but tombs of the ancient Egyptians, many of which are of the greatest interest and beauty. We can not stay to examine minutely any, and only to glance into one or two. This spot was evidently a cemetery, for every rod of land on the square mile is undermined by catacombs, and at our feet open yawning pits varying in size, and from twenty to fifty feet in depth, whose walls are of marble, or of colored and polished granite. They are divided into apartments, some finished with alabaster, some covered with frescoes representing the manners and customs of the early Egyptians. In some still stand the sarcophagi, in others there remain only fragments of mummies, or the whitened bones of animals who have in later periods chosen these places to die. To some we could descend and explore vault after vault, to others we could only enter by slipping through a hole in the drifting sand. Having finished those which Mohammed insisted should be taken first, lest we be too weary to see them at all, we turn our steps toward



the great Pyramids, under the shadow of which are all these tombs, and even the mighty Sphinx itself.

Here stand the donkeys, nine, and the nine boys of various nations and ages, who ran all the way from the river's brink with us. Here is our lunch boy, blackest of them all, guarding jealously his basket. Here are strangers—half a dozen young Americans, an English party, and a family of missionaries taking a holiday. And here, too, is the Sheik of the nearest village lying on his mat in the sun, and standing about him are the thirty authorized Arab guides. The thirty are appointed, lest the number be three hundred instead, who would fight so over every traveler that he would be in greater danger from guides than from attempting the ascent without them. By the present arrangement every man who ascends pays a certain sum, for which he can have the assistance of two stout guides, or go without them as he chooses. This money, after a sum has been deducted for the government, is divided at night equally among those who have had work and those who have not. The effect of this is not to relieve the traveler from the torments of guides begging for employment, because every man hopes by helping you to be rewarded by a private gift of backsheesh, and, furthermore, he has his pocket full of curiosities through which he hopes to get a little more of your money—stolen, manufactured, or genuine, are forced upon one with equal vehemence. After our lunch the fragments were devoured by the boys who had watched us hungrily through it, except when they chanced to be above fourteen years of age. All this latter class keep Ramadan, or the Lenten season of the Turks, during which time no food is taken from early morning to sunset. These I noticed put their meat and bread in the little capuchin hood that hung from the back of their necks, forming a bag for dinner, or a covering from the sun.

Rested thus, we were ready for our real work, the examination of the Pyramid, called, of Cheops.

Every body knows about the Pyramids. Almost every body has seen them. Their dimensions, location, and construction, are all familiar from the writings of those who have said the best, and all that could be said about them. Cheops is the larger of the two large pyramids at this point, not built upon the sand as has been supposed, but on a solid foundation of rock, a low line of the Libyan Hills, one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Nile. Its height is about four hundred and fifty feet,

its length seven hundred and fifty, and it covers an area of eleven acres. Its actual builder, or occupant, or mode of construction is unknown—336,000 men were said to have been employed twenty years in its construction. Its object was the burial-place of a king, a fact established beyond a doubt by the discovery of passages and entrances within, containing sarcophagi and bodies of dead monarchs whose period of existence was at least 1,400 years before our era.

These were old then in the days of that childhood in Egypt—the few brief years of a Jewish boy's life, that is more familiar to us than is any thing in all the centuries so much farther back. I wonder if he ever saw this pyramid, ever looked with his clear young eyes into the stern eyes of this desert Sphinx—a white lamb face to face with the lion god of the Egyptians.

The triangular casing stones have been completely removed from this pyramid, and used in the construction of palaces and mosques. It remains, however, around the summit of the second in size, now thought to be the tomb of a brother of Cheops who shared the government with him. The third and last of this group, not much more than half the size of the others, was considered by the ancients much more beautiful because cased in blocks of polished Syenite granite. The first mentioned is the one frequently ascended, for its large blocks make a regular stairway, up which the guides are only too happy to drag you. The ascent of the second strangers rarely attempt; and one author speaks of a party of officers who went up, but were obliged to pay their guides ten pounds apiece. To illustrate the change in that particular, let me state that we were bored, tormented by men eager to climb that same pyramid. Two of them were quite anxious to go up "upon an Arab race" for a shilling, to be given to the winner; and when it was suggested that we ought not to pay them for breaking their necks, they replied, "That none you business; I break neck you no give backsheesh." And they went; and the one who reached the top first was less than seven minutes in doing it. He ran, he flew up the steps, and stood shouting with his arms extended on the summit, and his long, loose white robe flapping in the wind, looking as if he had come down out of the air and alighted on the spot. I was reminded for a moment of the statue of the Archangel Michael, standing with outstretched wings on the summit of Castle St. Angelo, the tomb of Hadrian, at Rome; the next, and he had begun the descent.

Not all of us went to the summit of Cheops.

It was very hard, and the way seemed long, but I lifted up my eyes and went on—pulled, pushed, and dragged by my two stout Arab assistants. Abdallah kept singing ceaseless praises of his own strength and skill—"Me bery good Arab; me bery strong; me make you safe; me not make fall," etc., while others would chime in, "Give backsheesh, backsheesh," a suitable chorus for such a solo. A hearty hurrah indicated to those below when we had reached the summit. Too much exhausted to think, I sat quietly, and let the picture rest me.

The scene was very beautiful, the prospect extended. Such flushes and gleams of light upon the great billows of sand, such brightness of verdure, such wealth of vegetation, such luxuriant verdancy in the little strip of land called Egypt lying between two deserts, and in such striking contrast to their sterile wastes! The green shore, bounded by the yellow sand, it was an emerald set in amber, and through its heart rushed the Nile, reflecting the wonderful beauty of the sky. And I remembered a certain tower that the Bible tells us men would have built that they might ascend to paradise, and I wondered if, some way, it were not the dream of an enthusiast who, looking into the depths of space, fancied a way to penetrate even to a world beyond, untainted and lustrous as that firmament, pure and luminous as that atmosphere, and free from the trail of the serpent. I wondered if this great tomb were not a like tower—surely it seems so, for into its chambers they brought the mighty dead of old and left them to rest, or to journey, no one knew whither. I wondered if some such marvelous work as this did not lie back of the tradition or parable which pretends to explain all the confusion of tongues, and the greater confusion of lives. And then I remembered that no explanation of the incongruities of life and incongruities of belief, no faith in the sleep or the resurrection, no translation of the grand epic which moves on unmindful of our questions or our errors, no attempted solution of haunting problems brings satisfaction or comfort to any human soul. I remembered—but why undertake to tell it?—the great pyramid tells to every listener its own story; the palms wave acquiescence, the air whispers, and the river ripples its echoes. Silence was better than speech; so we stood there, many strangers from over the sea, and each listened for the tale that should be uttered to him alone, and looked away over river, and plain, and garden, and desert; and then, one by one, came down to a spot and scene as unlike the other as is that the earth shows, compared to what the sky

presents some calm night when all the stars are out.

We were surrounded by Arabs, beset, deafened, glad of an escape even by hastening into the interior of the pyramid itself. Dark, darker, darkest! The candles were like fire-flies in the dusk, only feeblest of luminaries serving to make the shadows heavier and more unearthly. We were bent nearly double in the passages. We slipped often, and were sometimes lifted and borne in the arms of our Arab assistants. The first walk, or rather slide, was down a plane inclined at an angle of 45°. Then began an ascent presenting a fine prospective of a sort of shadowy grandeur. But the approach was indeed a purgatorial experience, and the arrival in the dark chamber, where was found the sarcophagus containing the mummy of a king, was hardly a taste of paradise. The reward, on the spot while rallying courage and strength for the exit, was voted insufficient, but later, remembering where we had been, gathering up the associations of the spot, they more than counterbalanced the heat, and choking dust, and darkness, and doubtful gymnastic performance, and we felt even for these most richly repaid.

One may read carefully most elaborate descriptions, but nothing supplies the place in one's impressions of a personal experience, even if it be not of the character most agreeable. We finally "came out of the depths," and sat down to rest, but not in peace. We could not shake off the Arabs. They thronged about in greater numbers than before, realizing that we were about to depart; they presented specimens of every object under the sun; they offered to guide or aid any where, every-where; to run, walk, climb, in short, to do any thing for us if we would pay tribute, except the one thing desired; namely, let us alone. We recommenced our efforts—wading about in the hot sand, visiting a few more private tombs, but leaving, after all, the greater number unseen. What resting-places they built for their bodies! How much of their strength it must have taken during life to provide receptacles of such solidity! Surely there must have been giants in those days!

And how has that mighty race fallen into decay the most absolute and degradation the most entire! One feels it all the more keenly after such a day. We drove home through old Cairo, which lies in desolation—mounds of dreariest ruin; through Cairo, the victorious, whose soubriquet to-day is bitterest mockery; through the wretched streets crowded with what must be the very last dregs of this ancient Egyptian race. The cannon sounded for sunset, just after

we left the ferry, and the donkeys for the welcome carriage in waiting. The western sky was gorgeous with flame-colored clouds. The Nile had redeemed itself at midday when seen from the top of the pyramid. The signal gun announced the day's fast ended, and all along the route we saw them with the tiny coffee cup and the chibouk, smoking and sipping contentedly. The children chewed sugar cane, the poorest munched black bread, and the favored had, perhaps, a morsel more delicate. Even Mohammed stopped his beast to light a cigarette, and his one eye gained an additional sparkle at thought of the dinner and young wife awaiting him—a double feast behind his latticed windows. These Oriental sheets are always a temptation, yet we must not linger to-night. The shadows are already lying under the palms of our court. In my thoughts I can look back and see how they settle over the sands of the desert, making a darker gray of the stone mountains, and falling upon the majestic face of the Sphinx. A shadow comes across my thoughts that I shall never look on them myself again.

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#### THE REST AT THE WELL.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

I LEAN across the well's low parapet,  
And see the stirless sheen of water, set  
Like a rare opal 'mid its rocky walls,  
O'erhung with cunning broideries of moss;  
Half-way an amber ray of noon-tide falls,  
And fills the broken spider webs with gloss;  
A peach-tree drops its rosy blossom scales  
In silence, through the shadows soft and brown;  
And like the froth from brimming, milky pails,  
The lucent flowers of the plum come down.

There is no trace of windlass, or of sweep,  
Save a long line where ranker ivies creep;  
There are no footsteps through the ribbon-grass;  
Unchid the cricket sings its lonesome hymn;  
No thirsty lips those crystal waters pass;  
No chain slides gleaming by the weedy rim;  
From out the cottage door no maidens come,  
The hinges start, the latch is dark with rust;  
About the moldered hives no brown bees hum,  
The hands that took the yellow sweets are dust.

A moment since the place was all astir  
With laugh and song, with spinning-wheel's low whir;  
With creak of wains, with steady clank of flails,  
With faces smiling through the clustered vines,  
From windows set ajar to catch the gales—  
The pleasant gales that blow by spicy pines—  
But at that one word "dust," the picture wanes,  
I lose the sweetness of some after-part;  
As when a bird, that sings in flowery lanes,  
Drops, tuneless, with a bullet in his heart.

I question with sad eyes the slumberous calm,  
I measure sand within my narrow palm,  
And say, "Mayhap this handful held a soul;  
This was a heart, or red lips of a girl;  
And this its glowing, chestnut dye hath stole  
From silken meshes of a baby's curl."  
I toy with vexing mysteries of doubt;  
Life seems so poor, a narrow treadmill round,  
That, haply, shakes a few ripe kernels out,  
And, after, spills them idly on the ground.

Then what avails our toil, no work is wrought,  
Our cycle of fourscore is counted naught;  
"The gold of wasted grains no more we find"—  
I whisper with my hands across my eyes,  
Forgetful that, this seeming loss behind,  
The priceless gain of coming harvest lies;  
About me stir the young blades of the corn,  
I hear the promises of full, bright ears,  
Sprung up from scattered seed; thus years unborn  
Shall reap the ripened good we sow with tears.

The moist feel of the water strikes my face,  
A smell of spearmint runs through all the place,  
As, dropping softly, full-length, in the grass,  
Aroma from a hidden stalk I crush;  
And hear the drowsy wings of birds, that pass  
To honeysuckles, pink, and nectar-lush.  
Thought slips its loosened leash; 'twixt sleep and wake,  
I wander unto Sychar's hallowed well,  
And hear the voice that to the woman spake—  
His presence doth my strongest doubtings quell.

I open out my heart-leaves like a book,  
And write therein the glory of his look;  
The smile ineffable, the eyes that reach  
Reproving to the soul's most secret core;  
The grand simplicity of silver speech,  
With god-like loving-kindness running o'er.  
Behold I am athirst, from day to day  
In tents along the desert I abide;  
O, blessed Christ, thou wilt not say me nay—  
Give me thy love, and I am satisfied!

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#### LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

LITTLE plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,  
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side?  
Any short ringlets half out of curl?  
Any round forehead as pure as a pearl?  
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?  
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?  
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down,  
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?

O, earth is bright, by the glad Summer kissed!  
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed;  
Acres of butter-cups, growing so gay,  
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.  
Yet to my heart how your charms were destroyed,  
All your fresh meadows how wintry and void,  
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride  
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide.

## POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

BY REV. J. T. CRANE, D. D.

THERE are certain games of chance, or skill, which claim a passing notice.

*Cards*, I am told, are stealthily creeping up into quarters to which they have hitherto been strangers. And here the writer must again confess his lack of personal knowledge. He is indeed aware that the cards have sundry names; that there are "kings," and "queens," and "knaves," and "spades;" that they are "shuffled" and "cut;" and that certain operations are called "tricks," doubtless very appropriately; but having no ambition to "stand in the presence of kings" of this particular dynasty, no desire to cultivate the acquaintance of knaves, no admiration for tricks of any sort, he remains in willing ignorance even unto this day. Once or twice in the course of his life he has seen people playing cards. First, one would lay down a piece of spotted paper, then another player would lay down another spotted paper, and so it went on as long as he beheld the performance; but the process did not seem to him to result in any thing particular; nor did he learn, possibly because he did not wait and watch long enough, whether the result was dependent on logic or rhetoric, chance or mathematical calculation.

But there are facts which every body knows. Cards are the gambler's tools; among honest people they have a bad name; they are a favorite diversion of the aimless and the idle. For minds of a peculiar cast cards have a singular fascination. If, as history records, they were first introduced into Europe by a certain physician, who was seeking ways and means to divert a royal patient whose intellect was shattered, we should naturally infer that no great amount of sense or intelligence is needed to qualify the player. And to this inference it is easy to hang another, that the game would naturally be a favorite pastime with men and women who are ambitious to appear well in company, but who are conscious that they are better fitted to shine in silence than in conversation. Whether, according to the rules of the game, a king is any better than a knave, or a club than a diamond, I know not, but I imagine that in playing wit has little advantage over dullness, and intelligence is little better off than stupidity itself.

One thing is certain, the game is of no real use. It invigorates neither body nor mind; it adds nothing to the store of mental wealth, and those ignorant of it lose nothing by their

lack of knowledge. Again, it is certain that to some minds the game is dangerous. They are enslaved by it and led into doubtful associations. And yet the pastime is so utterly barren of ideas, it would seem that it soon becomes necessary to stake a small sum of money "just to give it a little interest." Thus the first step is taken in the road that leads in the direction of the gambler's "hell," to the great joy of the demons who watch there for victims. Professional gamblers, like other beasts of prey, can not live by devouring each other. Idleness must feed upon the earnings of industry or starve. The vicious, who live upon the follies of others, must burrow into the accumulations which virtue has made, as rats burrow into a granary. The gambler will be delighted to see card-playing become fashionable among the better classes of society. He knows that of those who begin with playing for amusement, a certain proportion will be bitten by the mania for playing for money, and thus be brought within reach of his remorseless claws. One needs but little information in regard to card-playing to entitle him to the privilege of despising it most heartily. Introduced into modern society for the express purpose, as it would seem, of relieving from the necessity of saying any thing those who have nothing to say, and thus reducing wit and intelligence to the same dead level with stupidity and ignorance, it is an insult to the good sense of every company in which it is proposed. Wasting precious hours in an employment which neither invigorates the body nor supplies the mind with a single idea, no intelligent, conscientious person can deem it innocent. Fastening with strange power upon characters of a peculiar make, and turning them into grist for the gambler's mill, no prudent person will consider it safe. Useless, prodigal of the time which God allots us, void of every element of rational recreation, to all sound minds unsatisfactory, and to some unsafe, we need not wonder that the degree in which card-playing has prevailed at any given period of history is a fair index of the corruption of the age. Let no professed follower of Christ defile his or her hands with it.

*Chess* claims to be a more ancient and more intellectual game than cards. Indeed, the chess-player plumes himself on the aristocratic character of his favorite amusement, as if it placed him above the common herd. In some points chess is less objectionable than cards. It does not depend on chance. Mind challenges mind, and skill alone wins the victory in the intellectual duel. It is not likely to become epidemic. It is so deep a game; it demands so



much of time and of silence for the contest; it employs so small a number in each game that the thoughtless and the gay, who are most in danger from irrational amusements, will care little about it. Yet if any reader of the Repository needs a hint, and is glancing along these columns in search of it, we offer the following suggestions:

Every body who assumes to play chess is unwilling to play poorly. To play well requires a great deal of practice and study, and these involve the spending of much time and brain-power. The game so taxes the mind that it is not suitable to be used as a relaxation from mental toil. There is no physical exercise in it; no courting of the sunlight and the breeze. Therefore it can not be a good recreation for the sedentary. It conveys no new ideas, adds no useful knowledge to our mental accumulations; and for that reason chess-playing is poor business for those whose leisure hours are needed for mental improvement. Chess is not a recreation, but a *pastime*; that is, a mere mode of passing the time, and the time thus passed is utterly wasted. Many a man has spent at chess, which has left his heart untouched and his mind unfurnished, precious days and years, which, rightly improved, would have made him intelligent, wise, and greatly useful. The young, who fear God, ought not thus to waste their time. If the regular duties of the day leave certain hours unoccupied, those hours are precious. The sedentary need air and exercise; those whose labor is that of the hands rather than of the mind, need newspapers and books. The student, the clerk, the apprentice, the daughter at home, who feel that "life is real, life is earnest," have more important "moves" to make than those of chess, a better war to wage than the petty antagonisms of a useless game, a better use for time than to dream it away over a painted board and a handful of puppets, a wiser way to employ brain-power than to expend it on a laborious nothing, a record to make in the Book of Life which will be worth infinitely more than a lifelong shout of this world's shallow praise of checks and championships.

But time would fail me to examine the various amusements, so called, which obtain in various localities. Indeed, I have at no time designed to attempt to go through the whole list. My aim has been to lay down certain general principles which ought to govern us in our recreations, and then discuss briefly, in view of those principles, some of the prominent amusements of the day. If the principles thus laid down are sound and reliable, it will not be difficult so

to apply them to any new candidate for popular favor as to reach a satisfactory conclusion. The reader, however, may object that the task is not yet completed; that he is waiting to know what modes of recreation are rational and allowable; that having been warned against the forbidden fruit, he would now like to see the other trees of the garden, of which he may freely eat. I would readily undertake to point some of them out, if it could be done without unduly extending this series of articles. Still, a suggestion or two may be allowed.

Permit me to say, first of all, if any of my readers have no proper employment, nothing useful to do, nor desire for any, they are counted out of this discussion. The frivolous, the idle, the useless, have no right to recreation. They must repent; they must reform their aimless, empty lives, and by industry earn the privilege of rest and relaxation, before they are entitled even to hold an opinion on the subject.

But the active, the industrious, who are trying to "redeem the time," ought to have their hours and modes of recreation. So far from denying it to be their privilege, I proclaim it to be their duty. The time and the means must of course vary with varying circumstances. The school-boy or school-girl needs active exercise out of doors, in the light of the sun. So does every one, younger or older, whose mind toils while the muscles are inactive. They whose employments tax the muscles, while the mind is comparatively inactive, need modes of recreation that will spur the mind. They whose business confines their thoughts to a narrow circle, must find a wider range elsewhere. They who do their work alone and in silence, need society and pleasant converse.

In fact, *conversation* is the universal recreation. Talking is one of the chief employments of life. Our words are often more important than our deeds. All human wisdom, knowledge, virtue, sentiment, flow in the channel of speech. By means of words truth conquers, reforms progress, mind acts upon mind, heart reaches heart, soul converses with soul. Human breath can blast like a deadly sirocco, or come like the breezes of paradise. Aside from the deep joy of worship and a good hope of heaven, there is no happiness purer or better than that which springs from words. And there is little true recreation which does not rely upon conversation for its chief charm.

Conversation implies social life, social gatherings, great or small. And here I beg leave to make a suggestion which I am persuaded that my readers will unanimously approve, and, I fear, as unanimously disregard. A great

"party" is a very unsatisfactory affair. To those who give it, it is a tremendous enterprise. Long and anxious debate settles on the list of the invited, and when it is too late to remedy the matter it is discovered that some body has been forgotten. The worry about the company, the preparations, the weather, the fear that all will not "pass off smoothly," keep the host, and especially the hostess, in a fever of excitement, which culminates with the assembling of the company, and experiences a sudden relief when the last one is gone. Of the multitude who come and move uneasily from room to room, few are more than mere acquaintances of the entertainers, and of each other. Many are invited simply because they gave an entertainment some time ago; and an invitation in return for theirs is a sort of debt of honor. There is no chance for genuine conversation, and little is heard save commonplace remarks about the crowd and the heat. The enjoyment consists chiefly in looking at the perspiring throng, criticising their persons and dress, making mental notes for future reference, and finally devouring an untimely supper.

I have no design to visit these things with ridicule. They have their pleasant features, and may be good for something. And yet there is "a more excellent way." Suppose we invite no larger a number at one time than our parlors will seat, and have a good, social, friendly, comfortable, leisurely talk, there might be less display, but would there not be more genuine enjoyment? Suppose, also, that the company be invited, not singly, but by families, including the young and the old, the parents and the children, the married and the unmarried. Let the grandsires draw their arm-chairs toward each other and talk of the days that are gone; let the little children down on the floor by their side discourse of tops and dolls, while middle-age reasons on public events, and the young people are gathered around the piano or the book-table. Thus there might be true social enjoyment without anxiety or envy, without present uneasiness or heartburnings afterward. Thus the aged would be cheered by the vivacity of youth, and the gayety of youth be tempered by the wisdom of age.

Or if any one fancies doing things on a larger scale, let him or her invite as many as the house will comfortably hold; and instead of coming at midnight to stay till morning, let the guests assemble early in the evening. And let there be music, and mirth, and laughter, and comfortable, leisurely interchange of ideas, intercourse that carries no sting and leaves no wound, but fosters friendship and gentle man-

ners. If the entertainer chooses thus to manifest hospitality, let there be a repast, as good as need be, only rigidly excluding all that intoxicates. And let midnight see the guests all safe at home. Thus the morrow will find them not jaded in body and mind and Satanic in temper, but clear in brain and warm in heart, with a tendency all day long to smile involuntarily over the pleasant memories of the evening thus happily spent.

I am not over-sanguine in regard to the popularity of my proposed reform, especially in fashionable quarters. Young men whom the vernacular calls "fast," will pronounce this way of getting up parties decidedly "slow." Young ladies who have long given their whole mind to the devising of gear for the outside of the head—a cunning piece of strategy to divert attention from the emptiness within—will dread so much conversation. Sudden wealth will see that this way of doing things will lessen his chances to show out his newly-acquired splendors. He suspects also that he will not be able to make his way into the circles to which he aspires, unless he equals their fashionable display. He fears that the big fish for which he is angling will bite at no smaller bait. Many will lack the courage to follow their convictions. But I doubt not that the intelligent, and, above all, the conscientious and the sober-minded, will confess that what we have proposed is, as we have already styled it, "the more excellent way."

If the young people desire to engage in outdoor recreations, let them go on picnics, or make excursions by land or water. At home, let them meet, if they choose, on stated evenings for conversation, and depend upon the intellect for the enjoyment of the hour. If the older members of the family circle will lend their aid, the attraction will be increased. Or let young men make their calls as their leisure permits, without formality on either side. A young man who is thus received among his acquaintances, provided they are intelligent, well-mannered, good people, needs little other social recreation. Nor can he do better than to spend an occasional hour in this way. It will improve his mind, his manners, his heart, and tend to make him more happy and more useful.

I know that it is hard to make the giddy believe that there is much enjoyment to be found thus. They want a crowd, and commotion, and noise. And in this they judge amiss. This crazy rush after excitement defeats itself. As simple food and regular habits best promote health, so simple, quiet pleasures best promote genuine happiness. The joys of wine are not

to be compared with the calm peace and self-mastery which belong to the temperate. They who would enjoy life wisely and well, will not heed every voice that cries, "Lo here," or "lo there," but remember that the kingdom is within.

Before we part with our young Christian reader "suffer the word of exhortation." I understand the situation in which you are placed. You have associates, moral, intelligent, agreeable in manners, who urge you to join them in their diversions, and argue stoutly in defense of their thoughtless pleasures. Your conscience resists, and yet you feel the pressure of their solicitations. You are sometimes almost ready to wish that your parents, your pastor, your class-leader would consent to your yielding, that you might escape the pressure and feel no conflict between your conscience and the inclinations of your gay companions. You reason amiss. To compromise with wrong brings no lasting peace. If you give way on the subject of private dancing, you will be invited to attend balls. If you agree that it is a good thing to go to the opera, they will urge you to go to the theater and the horse-race; and the pressure will be just as great, the conflict just as painful, and to refuse just as hard as you now find it. The apostolic maxim, to "*have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them,*" is at once the safest and the easiest to follow. There is no stronger position to which you may fall back. You had better "fight it out on this line." Life is brief. Death is near, and close beyond it lie heaven and hell. If you go to the very verge of eternal ruin in search of fleeting pleasures, will you think, ten thousand ages hence, that in this you acted wisely? Will you then feel that it was right for you, for the sake of an hour's feverish excitement, to imperil your Christian name, tarnish your example, grieve your fellow-believers, give new courage to the wicked, and wantonly throw away your power to do good? The foolish amusements in which you are importuned to join, war with health, waste time, squander money, mar Christian reputation, hinder usefulness, dissipate serious thoughts, attack every temporal and every eternal interest.

Will any try to defend vain diversions? See the great "cloud of witnesses" who testify against you. The whole Board of Bishops, the General Conference, your pastors without an exception, all the deeply-pious men and women of the Church, believe that dancing, card-playing, going to the theater and the horse-race, and all kindred diversions, are unwise, inexpe-

dient, hurtful to the spiritual interests of those who engage in them, and injurious to the moral power of the Church of God. Nor do they stand alone in this solemn judgment. The most intelligent and devoted Christians in the various evangelical Churches around us share these convictions. Will you set up your opinion in opposition to whole Conferences, and Councils, and General Assemblies? And if you deem yourself equal in judgment to them all combined, is your conclusion as safe as theirs? They think it dangerous to dance, play cards, and attend the theater. Are you as confident that it is dangerous *not* to dance and go to the theater? They believe it wrong to indulge; are you as sure that it is wrong to abstain? They think that God will condemn you if you venture into these perilous frivolities. Are you as fully persuaded that God will condemn you if you do not venture into them? Beware how you venture when there is room for doubt. Remember, "*he that doubteth,*" and yet goes on when he may safely stop, "*is damned.*"

If such an exhortation were at all allowable, I would call upon all upon whom devolves the oversight of the Church of God, to stand firm for the strict morals of Methodism. Concession and compromise will not relieve the pressure. To give way will merely transfer the battle to another point, where we must again fight, our own forces demoralized by defeat and the enemy emboldened by victory. Churches are not built up, but ruined by lowering the standard of morals. When there is no discoverable difference between the Church and the world, the Church loses the respect of the community and is powerless to pull down the strongholds of sin. The scorner will be loud in his denunciations of careless, trifling professors of religion; and the sinner himself will be afraid to trust to the guidance of a Church that has so little regard for the law of God.

Will it be said that if we are so strict our young people will leave us and join other communions? Be it so. None will be likely to go who have "the root of the matter" in them. If any leave us for such reasons, it may be truly said of them that "they went out from us, because they were not of us." A thousand dancing, winebibbing, theater-going Church-members will not furnish one devoted class-leader, one earnest Sabbath school teacher, one pious man or woman ready for the spiritual work of the Church. If they leave us in order to seek a more congenial Church-home, we can afford to lose them better than to keep them. Their departure damages us less than would their remaining. The rubbing out of minus

quantities increases the sum total. And if any other Church, so called, imagine that they can make their swarm the stronger by hiving Methodist drones, they are certainly welcome to try the experiment. If there be a noble emulation that may justly prompt us as a Church to desire to "labor more abundantly" than all others, we need not fear the rivalry of any fashionable, worldly, easy-going denomination. Such as these will never "take our crown." Pure doctrine, strict discipline, a faithful ministry, a devoted, holy, earnest, active laity alone will win the prize.

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### ONLY A DAY.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

ALL in the early morning,  
The morning cool and gray,  
I went to the dewy meadows,  
Went to make the hay.  
And I swung my scythe with the mowers—  
Swung it with a will—  
While slowly the yellow sunshine  
Came creeping down the hill—

Creeping down till the grasses  
All in its brightness lay,  
And the lark in haste rose singing,  
Singing into the day;  
Till the mowers grew gay with laughter,  
And noisy with song and jest;  
But I swung my scythe in silence,  
Yet swung it with the rest.

And so till the full-eyed noonday  
Stared down on the meadows low;  
While the brook ran clear as silver,  
And the lilies were white as snow;  
While we stirred the new-mown grasses,  
And tossed them to the sun,  
And under the willows waited,  
When the mowing all was done.

And we ate from our wicker baskets,  
And drank from the running stream,  
And I ate and drank with the mowers,  
But it seemed to me all a dream;  
While the scent of the withering grasses  
Rose sweet on the Summer air,  
And the blue sky bent above us,  
And smiled serenely fair.

And the bobolinks sang on my silence,  
Till their rakes the mowers took,  
Till the willows lengthened their shadows  
Over the silver brook.

All while the sun sank slowly  
Down in the crimson west,  
We worked with a will at the windrows,  
And in silence I raked with the rest,

Till over the green, sweet meadows  
The daylight began to wane,

And in haste the merry drivers  
Came shouting down the lane;  
Till the heavy wains were loaded,  
And the bobolinks all were still;  
Till we saw the full moon rising  
Over the eastern hill.

And out of the cool, green meadows,  
In the glow of the crimson west,  
We all walked slowly homeward,  
And in silence I walked with the rest.  
And the cloudless Summer evening—  
The evening hallowed and still—  
Dropped the hush of its benediction  
On meadow, and hamlet, and hill.

Under the vine-crowned gateway,  
Under the star-lit sky,  
I stood silent—one other beside me—  
And the mowers were not nigh.  
Just over our heads, in the shadow,  
The dewy vine-leaves stirred,  
And a sweet trill dropped from among them,  
From the dream of a sleeping bird.

And here, once for all, I had spoken—  
Spoken straight from my heart—  
And here, once for all, she had answered,  
For the maiden had no art.  
And so now we both stood silent—  
For love has not much to say—  
And thus ended that day of Summer,  
When I made in the meadows the hay.

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### TELL NOT THY SORROWS.

O, TELL not to the busy world  
Thy sorrows and thy care;  
They have no tears to shed for thee,  
No sympathy to spare!

Breathe not thy troubles to the stars  
That shine so fair above;  
They will not stoop to pity thee,  
Nor whisper words of love.

Nor think thou that this pale, cold moon,  
Will hear thy notes of woe,  
For the grand music of the spheres  
Would drown thy wail below.

Complain not to the roving winds,  
They will not hear, nor stay  
To breathe one word of sympathy,  
Or kiss thy tears away.

But make a grave within thy breast,  
And bury thy sorrows there;  
Hide them away from the world's cold gaze,  
Nor breathe them save in prayer.

And move among the busy throng,  
As though thou hadst no care,  
For they've no tears to shed for thee,  
No sympathy to spare.

Sing though the harp within be mute;  
Smile, though the harp weep blood;  
Let thine eye beam bright as though its gaze  
Had fallen on naught but good.



## CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES LINNÆUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUISE COLET.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

IF the Winter in Paris seems to us gloomy when the great city is enveloped in mist; if London, with its mantle of heavy black fog, has, from October to April, a funereal aspect which freezes our very heart, what must be the long Scandinavian Winter? There, for months, the ground is covered with ice and snow, the sky is like a dull, gray, boundless covering, except when the northern lights suddenly illuminate it with a passing glare. Sweden has one of those severe climates which give to minds, always obliged to turn inward upon themselves, studious tendencies and a calm melancholy. As for the bodies, they are generally robust in these latitudes, which offer many examples of longevity, but woe to the strangers who expose themselves imprudently to such a temperature. It is said that Descartes took a cold while giving lessons in philosophy to Queen Christina, of Sweden, in Stockholm, and that he died from the effects of this cold. Yet a queen's rooms should be warm! Nothing is more dismal than a poor Swedish village when November comes. As soon as day ends a thick smoke arises from the roof of each hut, and announces that the family is warming itself around the hearth.

One evening, in the Winter of 1719, the chimney of the parsonage in the village of Roeshult, a poor dwelling scarcely distinguished from the surrounding huts, cast into the heavy, icy air a column of black smoke. Within burned a huge turf fire. The pastor and his family, which consisted of the pastor's wife, an excellent housekeeper, two little girls of seven and eight years, and a boy who might be about twelve, were seated around a table for the evening. On this table blazed a low, large iron lamp with three burners. At the foot of the lamp were heaped large balls of brown wool which the mother was knitting into stockings. The wooden knitting-needles clicked in her fingers; the two little girls strove eagerly to imitate their mother's task, and succeeded well. The pastor, with his elbows resting on the table, and his head bent over a large Bible, read from it now and then passages on which he commented.

The whole attention of the little boy, whose fair hair fell over his forehead and eyes, was absorbed by a copy-book of blank paper in which he was fastening plants and flowers. His little sisters sometimes looked at him by

stealth, but without interrupting his work. As for the mother, she cast a fond look upon him, from time to time, accompanied by a smile, but with her eyes constantly glancing at her husband, the minister, who continued his learned and pious reading without raising his eyes toward his auditors. But suddenly he shook his great head with the obstinate face, and, after looking at his son, he cried, angrily:

"Still these copy-books and these good-for-nothing plants! I am determined to throw them all into the fire to make an end of your idleness and disobedience."

As he made a motion to execute his threat, the child pressed his book closely to his breast, and crossed his arms over it, while his mother checked her husband, and said:

"Have patience, my good Nilo. He only wanted to arrange the plants he has gathered to-day, and now he is going to attend to his Latin tasks;" and she hastened to put away the threatened copy-book, and to bring out instead the book of exercises and translations.

"Woman, in trying to excuse him you accuse yourself," cried the pastor, still angrily. "You speak of the plants he has gathered to-day. Yes, I know very well that instead of writing his exercises at home, or accompanying me to the beds of the sick and dying, he has been groping about under the snow, and running like a little vagabond among the mountain-passes to look for what?—I ask you that—for nameless and useless plants!"

"Nameless they may be," replied his wife, who was as ignorant as himself of botany; "but there are some which are both useful and wholesome. The other day, for instance, when our little Christina cut her finger, a few leaves of one of these plants were enough to stop the bleeding. Then, again, when our old cousin Bertha burned herself so dreadfully some time ago, it was again the plants that Charley pointed out that cured her. The village doctor, whom she called, declared that this dressing of herbs was good; that it must be continued, and that whoever had prescribed it knew what he was doing."

"At all events," replied the father, "as I do not wish to make my son a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of theology, a minister of the Church like myself, he will, for that end, have to give up this ridiculous herbal, and devote all his time henceforth to the study of the Holy Scriptures and of Latin. Otherwise, I can assure him that, before another week, I shall send him to the Latin school in the village, where he will live under a harsh rule."

The mother was about to reply, but the pastor

silenced her by his gravity, and, bending over his Bible, he continued his reading in a low voice.

Nothing was to be heard for awhile in the smoky room, which served at once for kitchen, parlor, and dining-room to the pastor's poor family, but the sound of the knitting-needles of the mother and the two little girls and the fainter sound of the pen of the boy, who was writing his Latin translation.

He threw himself into his work with an absorption and a rapidity which was almost feverish. It was evident that he wished to do well and quickly an uncongenial task. When he had done he heaved a sigh of relief which interrupted the universal silence.

"Well," said the pastor, raising his head, which had been weighed down by reading, meditation, or possibly by a half doze.

"There, father," said the child, placing beside the Bible the written pages.

The father ran his eye over them immediately, and when he had finished, he murmured:

"Good, very good! I know, Charley, that you can do whatever you choose. That is why I blame you the more when you are disobedient."

"I will obey you," said the child, looking at his father with an expression of tenderness and supplication; "but could you not let me divide my time into two parts, one for the study of good books and of Latin, the other for the study of plants and flowers, which to me are so many psalms and hymns singing the greatness of God?"

"You are crazy!" cried his father. "I have already told you that this childish study will come to nothing, and will interfere with your theological career. If you persist you know my resolution on the subject, and I will not depart from it."

With these words he rose and commenced the prayer which the family made together each evening. Then the children, having kissed their father and mother, went to bed. Charley slept in a dark closet, which had for its sole furniture a bed, a chair, and a set of deal shelves, on which were arranged a few books and the beloved herbal. Hardly was he in bed when he began to weep and to think over ways of following his vocation without disobeying his father. While he was still in tears his mother came secretly; she kissed and comforted him.

"My darling," said the good mother, holding Charles in her arms, "it grieved you very much, then, not to be able to go any more through the snow and among the rocks, looking for the hidden plants."

"O, mamma, if you knew how delightful it

is when I find a new kind, to admire it and to count the roots, the stems, the leaves, the flowers, the petals, each feature, in short, of these treasures of the good God! It is in the Spring above all that this keen delight is varied and multiplied. The newly-opened flowers are for me a complete world, such as the arch which incloses the whole animal creation would be for others. The plants speak to me and I understand them. I assure you, mamma, that they have instincts, habits, and differences in the same species, just as the faces of my sisters and myself are different in spite of our resemblance."

"You are dreaming, you are dreaming, my dear child," cried the mother, half laughing, and half moved. "But in this terrible cold, and with the hardness of the earth, your pleasure must be greatly lessened. You take a great deal of trouble to secure a slight and sparse result."

"O, mamma! ask the hunter if he fears the snow which falls on his shoulders. Ask the fisherman if the ice banks stop him. They only see the prey which they pursue, and which they bring home in the evening. And see," he continued, seizing one of the books of his herbal, "what would not one dare to possess one of these beautiful flowers which are here smiling at me and replying to my questions? Every day I discover some unknown species among the moss or the lichens; and my father wants me to give up these researches. He might as well have asked me not to live or eat any longer!"

"You will live and you will eat; only you will eat your breakfast an hour sooner than usual," replied his mother, gayly, "and every morning while your father is still sleeping you will go to your dear discoveries. But you must never stay beyond the allotted time, and at the appointed hour you must return at once to study your Latin."

"O, thank you, thank you!" cried the child, throwing himself upon his mother's breast, who kissed him and left him, saying, "Wait till tomorrow."

For the first time in his life the child went to sleep radiant with joy, and had a beautiful dream. He thought that he was suddenly transported into an immense valley surrounded with mountains which commenced in a gentle slope, and gradually rose till they reached the skies. He was seated beside a beautiful clear fountain which murmured among the plants and flowers of all sorts. It was Summer, and the great white and gold clouds drifted through the intensely blue ether above his head. He had never seen

such a sky in the poor Swedish village in which he was born, and which he had never quitted. His admiration was divided between the sky, where the sun shone in all his glory, and the smiling country covered with flowering shrubs and plants. He rose and began to walk, enchanted and alert, through the paths. He feared to touch a twig, a leaf, a petal, a stamen, and yet he wished to gather, one by one, each of these flowers in order to study them. At first he eagerly inhaled their perfumes, and enjoyed the sight of their beautiful forms and their exquisite tints. Then, seized with a sort of vertigo, he cried:

"Never, never can I fix in my memory this innumerable variety of species to classify and name them."

In his discouragement he stopped motionless, and praying inwardly:

"My God! my God!" he cried, "nature is too great for the weak sight of man, and if ever he attains to a knowledge of the outward, its depth and its details would escape him. Thou hast made, O my God, creation in thine own image, and we, poor, puny creatures, would measure its grandeur and describe its beauty—it is impossible! We know but fragments of thy work, the remainder escapes us. Forgive then, my audacity, O God! My father is right. I ought to adore and serve thee as a humble minister, and not endeavor to know thee and explain thy works like a wise partaker of thy divine nature."

The poor child, crushed by the splendor of nature which surrounded him, fell on his knees praising God, and remained long in an ecstasy.

But voices which seemed the voice of God himself rose suddenly from the open calices of the flowers, and from the bosoms of the still unfolded buds. These voices cried to him:

"Come to us, we are thine. We love to have thee love us and seek us, to understand that we live and feel—we who have been for so long believed lifeless, inanimate and capable only of pleasing the eye. Do not fear to gather and destroy us, we shall be born again without pain. Each of our severed fibers will teach thee mysteries hardly suspected hitherto. Thou wilt find in the details of our structure as many wonders as in that of the human body, for, on a different scale, we have, like mankind, an organization that suffers and rejoices. We have our habits, our manners, our imperious destinies fixed by unfailing laws. Look at and understand us, thou child who lovest us. Thou shalt know how we are born, how we develop, and how we attain to beauty and love."

It was not only the large and magnificent

flowers of the tropics which spoke—the cactus, the nenuphar, the magnolia. Neither was it alone the queen-flowers of the garden—the rose, the tuberose, the lily, the carnation—which spoke thus to the sleeping child. It was also all the little wild flowers, the daisy, the violet, the thyme, the buttercups, all the mosses and all the lichens growing on the rocks or beside the water. Each plant, each stem, each calix had, as it were, a distinct voice, and all these accents united formed a sweet and soothing harmony which plunged the little Charles into a delicious enchantment.

"O, yes," he cried, in answer to these mysterious words which he alone could hear, "I love you, I understand you, and I will reveal to the world the grace and the splendor of your secrets." He bent over the nearest flowers to gather them, but, behold, a miracle suddenly took place around him! All the flowers seemed to move and to tear themselves from their roots. They came toward the child, made a fragrant inclosure around him, mounted to his heart and in his arms, then to his head, where they entwined themselves into an immense crown. The face of the child shone transfigured beneath this emblem of a glorious feature. He grew rapidly beneath this coronation of his beloved flowers. Suddenly he felt a warm breath glide across his face. A kiss touched his face, and caused him an indescribable happiness. The sensation was so vivid that he awoke. He saw his mother standing near him, half visible in the first ray of sunrise. The kiss came from his mother, his mother who understood his soul.

"It is time," she said to him. "Day is dawning. Dress yourself, pray to God, eat your breakfast, and hasten out before your father awakes. You will have an hour in which to look for your plants. Go, my child, since it is your delight and your happiness."

The child thanked his mother, and while she helped him to dress he told her the wonderful dream which he had just had.

Without understanding it, his mother saw in it a presage of happiness and of glory for her son, and determined to help him more and more in his vocation. As soon as he was dressed she gave him a wooden cup full of smoking porridge, which the child eat with avidity. Then she wrapped him in a little overcoat of coarse cloth, turning up the collar, which concealed the fresh face of the child as far as the ears. He set out joyfully, stick in hand. The good mother had abridged her sleep by at least two hours for the sake of her son and to gratify his wishes.

Look into your memories, you children who are reading this, and you will find that your mothers have all taken the same tender care of you.

For a few days little Charles was able to botanize in peace among the mountains, and to discover in the mazes a few poor flowers and frail mosses which the snow had spared. But one morning, when his father had awakened earlier than usual to go and see a sick man whom the night before he had left in a dying state, he flew into a violent passion on not finding his son at home. In vain the mother made some excuse. The harsh man was not deceived by it, and declared that the next day the child should be sent to the Latin school at the little town of Vixim. The mother burst into tears. The father declared that her tears would do no good; and when little Charles stole into the house, he found that dissensions and grief had entered it through his fault. He endeavored to excuse himself, promising his father a blind obedience for the future. The latter remained inflexible. He went out, ordering the mother to get his things ready, and that he would take him himself to Vixim the next day.

Ah, how this sudden separation tore the hearts of the mother and child! The mother above all could not resolve to separate herself from her beloved son. Since his birth he had never left her for a single day.

"No, no! it is impossible," she cried, covering her tearful face with her hands.

Charles, distressed by the sight of his mother's tears, stifled his own grief, and tried to encourage her. He said:

"The town where I am going is near here, and we shall see each other often. Then, too, I will work well and fast in order to satisfy my father, and I shall return."

But the mother still wept. A single day of separation was a great anguish. However, knowing that her husband was inflexible in his resolutions, she began to pack her son's clothes in a little trunk. She put at the bottom the beloved and fatal herbal which had been the cause of their separation. Besides this there was a little money in small change, a few sugar-plums and dried fruits—household dainties with which the mother delighted to regale the children.

When the pastor returned the trunk was packed, and perceiving that his orders had been followed, he appeared somewhat pacified.

The rest of the day and the evening passed without quarrels, but very sadly. The father read his Bible as usual, the little girls knitted beside their mother, as they had done the evening before. Nothing was to be heard but a few

stifled sighs or broken words. As for Charles, he was resigned, and bent his head over the Latin exercises which he was translating.

Bedtime had arrived, family prayers were over. Then the son having wished his father good-night, the father replied:

"Good-night, my son. To-morrow, at day-break, we leave for Vixim."

The child bowed silently, stifling his tears.

As soon as her husband was asleep, the mother glided to the bedside of her son, on whom she lavished her caresses, and gave him special charges in regard to his health. This was their real farewell, for the next day the stern minister hastened their departure.

As it was very cold, and the roads were covered with snow, our travelers left in a sleigh. The motion and the scenes through which they passed, and which were partly new to him, at last roused Charles from his grief. But when he found himself in the town, so dull and deserted, and, above all, when the time came to enter the dark walls of the Latin school, the poor child felt his heart fail.

His father briefly recommended him to the severity rather than to the care of the principal, who was a friend of his. Then he returned home, having, as he thought, accomplished his duty.

Charles at first felt lost and deserted, but the friendship and interest which he found in some scholars of his own age restored his courage. He resolved to work, so that his father would be satisfied, and as long as the Winter lasted he applied himself vigorously to Latin and theology. When Spring came it was to him as a stormy and all-powerful breath which carried him far from the walls of the school, across the mountains and valleys, which began to be covered with a growing vegetation. The air which he breathed was full of the scent of flowers and plants. He felt irresistibly drawn toward them. His beautiful dream came back to his mind. He saw in it an emblem of his destiny, and cried, in his present anguish:

"No, no! God did not create me to be a Protestant minister. It is my duty to adore him and proclaim his glory in another way."

He resisted at first the temptations of his unconquerable instincts. But one day, when the whole school was walking in the country, he separated himself from his companions and lost himself amid the rocks, in a gorge carpeted with creeping plants and flowers. There, captivated by Nature, embracing her and caressing her as he might have caressed his mother, in the contemplation of the treasures which offered themselves to him he forgot every thing



else. Night surprised him while filling his pockets and bosom with the plants which he had collected. Arrested in his ardent search by the darkness, he suddenly remembered the school and its discipline. Terrified at his forgetfulness of the rule, he dared not go back and beg pardon of the principal. Night had come on. Agitated, shivering, and overcome with fatigue, he slept in a moss-covered hollow in the rocks. The next day he was found by one of the servants of the school, and was taken back like a vagabond.

The principal wrote an account of the son's exploit to the father. The latter believing him to be perverse and incorrigible, replied to the principal that it was evident that his son would make but a poor minister, but that, to punish him for his rebellion, he would humiliate him by making him a workman. He therefore sent directions that he should immediately be placed with a shoemaker as an apprentice.

Charles was of a mild and yielding disposition. He did not resist, and found at first a sort of satisfaction in the half freedom which this new and strange profession left him. Before his day of manual labor began he could wander through the country, and on Sunday he could spend the whole day there. During the evening and night he classed the plants and flowers which he had collected, and wrote treatises on each of them. But gradually this double and incessant labor of mind and body affected his health. Besides it was a severe trial for him to spend the day with ignorant and coarse companions. He was often sharply addressed when he was silent, was reproached for pride, and sometimes they even tried hard to make him quarrel with them. This struggle with destiny in which he was engaged finally overcame him. He fell suddenly ill, and the master shoemaker, who liked him as one of his best workmen, sent for the most skillful physician of the country.

This was a very learned man named Rothman. When he reached the bedside of poor Charles he found him in a high fever and slightly delirious. The doctor would not arouse him from his uneasy slumber, and studied in silence the symptoms of his illness. He found great excitement of the brain, and he was confirmed in his opinion by seeing on the apprentice's table his herbals and his open manuscripts. He read a few pages of the latter, then suddenly fell into a long reverie while holding the pulse of the invalid, which was very high.

Charles continued to sleep, but his slumber was painful and broken, as if he were oppressed by some nightmare. Yet he had a beautiful

dream, even more glorious than the one he had before had under his father's roof, but it did not bring him the same satisfaction. This dream seemed to him a mockery of his present destiny. Sometimes one reasons in dreams. He fancied himself surrounded by four powerful men, with scepters in their hands and crowns on their heads. By their crowns, their arms, and the decorations which they wore, he recognized these men as the King of Sweden, the King of France, the King of England, and the King of Spain.\* All four smiled on him, spreading treasures at his feet, and placed on his head the coronet of nobility. He, dazzled, struggled against vertigo, and it was this which caused the uneasiness of his slumber.

The good doctor, full of anxiety, followed all the phases of this troubled step. At last he administered a quieting draught to the sick boy, whose breathing gradually grew calmer, and at last he awoke without effort. The fever gave way, thanks to the assiduous care of the compassionate physician who had conceived a great friendship for the poor workman. As soon as he was convalescent he lent him the works of Tournefort, one of our celebrated French naturalists, and as Charles expressed his enthusiastic admiration while speaking of him to the doctor:

"Your renown will some day surpass his," said the latter.

"O! how can you say that?" cried the child.

"I say, my young friend, that I have read your books, looked over your herbals, and that some day you will be the first naturalist in the world."

Charles looked at him sadly and doubtfully.

"Are you not laughing at me?" he said.

"I," replied the excellent Doctor Rothman, with excitement, "how can you think of that? I will take you with me, you shall finish your studies liberally at the University of Lund, and before long I am sure you will be a professor yourself."

The good doctor's prediction was fulfilled. A few years from that time the chair of botany in the University of Upsal echoed with the wonderful learning of the young professor, Charles Linnæus.

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No element or relation in the constitution of civil society which has once received the Divine sanction, by divinely-expressed enactments regulating the same, can ever be regarded as a violation of God's law, without a subsequent declaration contained therein.

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\*These four sovereigns heaped honors on Linnæus.

## ECCENTRIC RELIGIONS IN AMERICA.

EDITORIAL.

FROM the numerous bodies of abnormal and fantastic religionists who attracted the attention of Mr. Dixon during his sojourn in America, we select a few whose origin and theories may prove interesting to our readers. Among the most significant are, of course, Spiritualism and Mormonism; but as these have been extensively studied among ourselves, we select those which are less known. We premise, however, that Mr. Dixon has given far too large an estimate to the numbers and influence of spiritualists in this country. He asserts on the authority of one of their leaders, Warren Chase, that they number three millions of men and women throughout the States, and expresses the opinion that a tenth part of the population of New England and a fifteenth part of the population of New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania lie open, more or less, to impressions from what they call the spirit-world. We believe a much nearer estimate of the number of actual spiritualists would place the utmost limits at ten thousand.

Among the least known, perhaps, of these new sects is that of the *Female Seers*, whose foundation, as generally recognized, was Elizabeth Denton; but the fundamental principle of the system was probably discovered by Eliza Farnham. That fundamental principle is the superiority of the feminine over the masculine mind, in consequence of the more complex organization of woman's nature. The discoverer of this profound mystery was a poor unlettered girl, to whom the truth came by revelation in the year 1842. According to Eliza, it has only been a perverse interpretation of the Scripture story of the Fall which has kept this discovery from being made long ago. In her version of the Fall Eve is not weak, but strong. She finds Adam in bonds, and sets him free. He is bound by a bad law to live in a state of darkness and bondage, a mere animal life, without knowing good from evil. She breaks his fetters, and shows him the way to heaven. The consequences of her act are noble, and through her courage man did not fall, but rise.

In the details of the Fall, Eliza finds much comfort, when she can read them by her own inward light. "Wisdom—in the form of a serpent—addressed the woman, not the man, who would have cared little for the tree of knowledge. The temptation offered to her was spiritual. She took the forbidden fruit in the hope of becoming wiser and diviner than she had

been. Man followed her. Yes; the ascendancy of woman began in Paradise."

That superiority of organization revealed as a broad principle to Eliza Farnham, has been brought to practical application by Anne Cridge and Elizabeth Denton, the sister and the wife of William Denton, a geologist of Boston. A wonderful susceptibility to external impressions, enabling her to see more deeply and penetrate more profoundly into substances and subjects presented to her, was found to exist in Anne. By putting sealed letters to her temple she was able to see and read their contents by an immediate action on the brain, without the aid of sight. But it was soon discovered that the faculty was still more wonderful, and Anne not only could see the letters inscribed on the paper, but also a perfect picture of the man who had written them engaged in the very act of writing. Whether from jealousy of her sister, or from a nobler emulation, Elizabeth Denton informed her husband that she too had the still higher power of seeing into the very soul of things. "A piece of limestone from Kansas, a crystal of quartz from Panama, enabled her to describe the locality from which they came and the process of their formation, though, it is true, in language more visionary than scientific." She could tell the story of the old world out of no better book than a piece of primeval rock. These wonderful powers belong only to women, and might be developed in most of them; at present, however, they are dormant, but will one day break forth to inaugurate an era of woman's ascendancy, when this ethereal faculty will transcend the bounds of matter and soar above the slow march of reason. Thus originated the *Female Seers*, a kind of female priesthood, claiming a peculiar title to read the secrets of nature, to supersede induction, and to inaugurate a new scientific method. Men may become members of the school, may share in its riches, and help to propagate its gospels, but no man has ever yet dared to assert his possession of the wonderful faculty.

The *Shakers* also had their origin through the ministry of woman. About a century ago Jane Wardlaw, a native of South Lancashire, England, announced that she had received a call from heaven to testify for the truth in her native town. Accordingly Jane went into the market-place, declared that the end of all things was at hand, that Christ was about to reign, and that his second appearance would be in a woman's form. The daughter of a poor blacksmith, Ann Lee, "a girl of parts, though she had never been taught to read or write, a wild creature from her birth, a prey to hysteria and

convulsions, violent in her conduct, ambitious of notice, and devoured by the lust of power," was among the first converts of Jane Wardlaw. Ann also began to witness for the truth in the streets, lecturing the blacksmiths of Toad Lane, in Manchester, her native place, on the things to come, till she was arrested and imprisoned as a disturber of the public peace. While in prison she said a light had shone upon her, and the Lord Jesus stood before her in the cell, and became one with her in form and spirit. This was a claim much higher than any yet put forth by Jane Wardlaw, though she had claimed the power of making converts in Christ's name, confessing and remitting sins, and holding communication with unseen spirits.

The more bold presumptions of Ann impressed the little Church, consisting of six or seven persons, and as soon as she came out of prison they exalted her to supremacy instead of Jane, and gave her the title of "Mother." A feminine Church was now proclaimed, with "Mother Ann" as that Queen who was described by David, and as that Bride of the Lamb who was seen in the Revelation by John. Ann soon received a revelation to leave Manchester and seek the promised land, and, in company with seven disciples and her husband, she sailed for America. Soon after reaching New York she separated from her husband, with whom she had known nothing but a miserable life of poverty and abuse, and announced her purpose to practice the celibacy which she had adopted as a tenet. Accordingly she and her seven disciples retired to the wild woods which then still clothed the banks of the Hudson, and labored in solitude at their first settlement of Water Vleit, then called Niskenna.

In 1780, in the midst of a great revival excitement at Albany, a few enthusiasts, seeking for retirement from the world, visited the settlement at Niskenna, were captivated by the mode of life, attached themselves to the society, and laid the foundations of two new societies at Hancock and Mount Lebanon. Among these converts were Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright, who afterward became joint heads of the body. During the War of Independence suspicion fell upon the little band; they refused to take the oath of allegiance, as their principles forbade them to swear, and Ann and her disciples were thrown into prison. Here Ann claimed to have had still more wonderful revelations and visions, which excited fresh interest in her pretensions. But soon after this, to the amazement of her followers who had trusted in her as the incarnation of the Messiah, Ann suddenly died.

Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright were, however, equal to the emergency. They assured the disciples that Ann was not dead; that "she had only withdrawn herself for a little while from the world, which had no part in her; she would live and reign forever among her own true children of the resurrection; the dust before them was but a worn-out garment, which the Mother had thrown away; the Queen had been covered with robes of light; the Bride had passed into the secret chamber." This ingenious device to meet an emergency soon became a central doctrine of the Shakers' creed. To them death is but laying aside one dress for the spirit to assume another, of a nature to permit its continued intercourse with its brethren, who, while still in the flesh, enjoy the privilege of seeing and hearing those who are beyond the ken of mere earthly senses. A Shaker expects no further rising of the dead. What we call death is to them a translation—a resurrection to live again in the surrounding elements, visible to the eyes and audible to the ears of those of the community who are in such a state of grace as to be capable of beholding and understanding the New Heavenly Kingdom.

The opportune theory of Mother Ann's death soon brought together again the scattered believers, and Joseph and Lucy redistributed them into distinct settlements, and a covenant was written down and accepted by the brethren. Elders and deacons, female as well as male, were appointed; celibacy was confirmed as binding on the saints, and community of goods was introduced among them. When, in 1796, Joseph also "passed out of sight," he bequeathed an undivided power to Lucy, who for twenty-five years governed these Shaker societies with the powers of a female Pope. There are now eighteen Shaker societies in the United States, and the census of 1860 gave their numbers at six thousand.

The general religious and ecclesiastical ideas which permeate the Shaker system of belief seem to be the following: The Church founded by the second advent of the Redeemer in the form of Mother Ann was the beginning of his kingdom upon earth, in which there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but they are as the angels of God. A new era has been introduced into the world; the old law is abolished; the command to multiply has ceased; Adam's sin has been atoned; the intercourse between heaven and earth has been restored; the curse is taken away from labor; the earth, and all that is in it, is in the way of being redeemed; angels and spirits have become, as of old, the familiars and ministers of men. Only the elect are aware of

these mighty changes having taken place on the earth; a few are chosen by the grace of God, and in their hearts he reigns and works. On being called by him, they die unto the world and are raised into a new life; they will die no more, but when their season comes, will only be withdrawn, like Mother Ann, from the visible world, still to live, however, in the robes of light in communion with the saints, both in heaven and on earth.

The *Tunkers*, or "harmless people," are described as a sober, pious, and godly race. They say they came from a small German village on the Eder. Among themselves they are known simply as "Brethren," the spirit of their association being fraternal love. They are said to believe that all men will be saved, though some of their body deny that universal salvation is held as a binding article of their creed. They initiate their members by immersion; they wear plain clothes, and use none but the simplest forms of address; they swear no oaths; they use no compliments; they will not fight; they wear long beards, and never go to law. In their worship they employ no salaried ministers. Males and females are considered equals, and the two sexes are alike eligible for any office or service. Every one in a congregation is allowed to rise and expound the text. The one who proves best able to teach and preach is put in the minister's place; but the people pay him in respect, not in dollars, for his services. The unpaid preachers wait upon the sick, comfort the dying, bury the dead. They have also to marry those among the weaker brethren who do not aspire after the higher honors of celibacy. They hold that very few persons are either gifted or prepared for the unmarried state. While not refusing to bind together any brother or sister who may wish to marry, the preacher takes care to point out to them, in a long and earnest discourse, the superior virtues of a single life. "He does not treat marriage as a crime; he only hints a profound dislike to it, treating it as one of those evil things from which he would willingly guard his flock. He alarms them by his injunctions; he frightens them by his prophecies. In his words and in his looks he conveys to their minds the idea that in wanting to be married they are going headlong into danger, if not into ruin."

We approach at last, somewhat hesitatingly, another of these eccentric communities, still revolving around the same problem, which, any one can see, is the axis of all the other communities we have noticed—the relation of the sexes; we refer to the *Perfectionists*, or, in their social aspects, *Bible Communists*. Communism

is the demand for equal rights supported by religious fanaticism. It is the direct antithesis of Shakerism, though founded on religious principles, and aiming at results not very dissimilar. It is a proposed "brotherhood of man and woman, with community of labor and its fruits." They have restored, as they say, the divine government of the world; they have put the two sexes on an equal footing; they have declared marriage a fraud and property a theft; they have abolished for themselves all human laws. The founder of this school is John Humphreys Noyes, who was, in turn, "a graduate of Dartmouth College, a law clerk at Putney, a theological student at Andover, a preacher at Yale College, a seceder from the Congregational Church, a heretic, an agitator, a dreamer, and a sect-founder." By going to the Bible for the idea of a perfected humanity, Noyes conceives that he has framed the model of a perfect society. His system is simply an organized antinomianism, in which a license of life, claimed as the privilege of the redeemed, is strengthened and sanctioned by the doctrine that all man's hopes and fears are centered in his present state of being. Instead of being a suffering, striving, self-denying body here, looking for happiness and perfection hereafter, the Church is called out from the world for the present enjoyment of those privileges, and they are summed up in this simple rule of faith and law of life, "The Perfectionist has a right to do what he likes." Being under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he can do nothing but what is good. Being above the need of law, he rejects its authority. "Laws are for sinners—he is a saint; other men fall into temptation—he is sealed and reclaimed by the Holy Ghost." This dreadful system is in fact the final culmination of the dreams and experiments of modern fanatics, who, dissatisfied with the providential arrangements of human society and the Divine methods for its amelioration and improvement, have determined to create new forms of social life for themselves. While the Mormon seeks perfection in polygamy, and is respected in proportion to the number of wives he maintains; while the Shaker seeks to obtain happiness and perfection by prohibiting the marriage relation altogether, and the Tunker, by living in separate communities with all things in common, and into which marriage can only enter as a necessary evil; the Bible Communist thinks he has solved the problem by cutting the knot at once, and giving, in the name of a religious service, free rein to the desires and passions of both men and women. Bible Communism, the very core of which is the system of complex marriage



which makes of every woman any body's wife, according to her own pleasure, is the logical and practical end of the views of those restless American women who are carried away with the idea of the perfect equality of woman with man in all the relations and offices of life; and with this suggestive conclusion we gladly turn away from any further reference to this hideous system.

### THE AGED MOTHER.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

NOT long since a good-looking man in middle life came to our door, asking for the "minister." When informed that he was out of town, he felt disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother, and this place used to be her home; my father lies here, and we have come to lay her beside him."

Our hearts rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," replied the strong man with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to every body. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and we could not find any one who would board her; we agreed to keep her among us a year about; but I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of the neighboring pastor and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if the time would ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness, she is no comfort to herself and a burden to every one else," and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for their mother's burial,

we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to every body else!" These cruel, heartless words rung in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, till its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees! Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the green-sward, in the meadow, and beside the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—spoke more gravely of school-days and little household joys and care. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new, strong love which God had awakened in her heart. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she had passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and her children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but, hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she can not be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four. Ah, she is now a second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or any body;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and coming back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words,

no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied, also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and as an irony we remember the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and our dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and health faileth them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms."

Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class has a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she has passed most of her life, toiling only as mothers have strength to toil, till she has reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home clad in the weeds of her widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and strength left her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families, nor of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never! a mother can not live so long as that! Not when she can not labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

#### THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

THROUGHOUT the entire literary history of England, from Chaucer downward, may be found a golden thread of praise of the female sex. If, leaving the book of history, in order to get a true estimate of woman, the pages of biography relating to the marriages of great men are turned over, some of these marriages will be found to be noble and true, many disastrous, many tragic, many farcical, and many absurd. If any body needs a guide in this matter—if, indeed, any body should be capable of guidance—they should seek some principle which would prevent the disastrous, tragic, farcical, and absurd results which have followed some marriages.

The principle always to be followed is, that there can be no true relation in life between man and man, or between man and woman, unless there is involved in it, in addition to whatever else there may be, a true element of friendship; and the word "friendship" must be understood in its own old, true, real, and deep sense, and not in the modern, common, and vulgar sense in which many people seem to understand it. A friend is not the man whom we invite to dinner because we are obliged to do so, nor the man whom we call our friend in accordance with the usages and customs of society; but a true friend is the man whom we draw to ourselves, either by reverence or by love, or by some common pursuit; in fact, the man whom we elect to be our companion and friend, and who will be our glory and our crown of rejoicing.

Many of our relations are not lovable. They are thrust upon us; we have no choice in the matter. They are a part of our fate, either our fortune or misfortune; we bear them as our burden; they may be our friends or they may not. We have not the choice of our relatives, but we have the choice of our friends; and in all the relationships of life, to make them deep and true, there must be this element of friendship.

Now, apply this principle to the question of marriage, and there never has been a true, real, noble, great, or genuine marriage in this world yet between man and woman, unless the wife would have been a true "friend" to her husband, supposing he had never married her.

Whenever a man has married a woman who could be his "friend," his marriage has been a happy one, but in other cases the most lamentable and disastrous consequences have resulted. To make a happy marriage, there must be a sympathy between the man and wife; there must be some common object, whether books or business, or whatever else it may be. The wives of Pliny Budeus and Samuel Clarke were specimens of true wives according to the principle here laid down. Now let us consider the wives of great divines for the purpose of seeing how such men fared in the matter of marriage.

First in order comes the marriage of Luther, which was one of the greatest and most important the world ever witnessed, and before it the marriages of kings and princes sink into their native nothingness. All Catholics were, of course, shocked by this marriage, and believed it would bring a judgment on Europe. The judgment, however, did not come, and if they want to see a marriage that was in all ways noble, they must go to the *chateau* at Wurtemberg where Luther and his wife lived. Luther's biographer has given a picture of his married life and broke out into a eulogy upon it. The woman was entirely and thoroughly Luther's friend. The book he loved she loved; his enthusiasm she shared; she surrounded him with the gentle atmosphere of love; and altogether the marriage was one of the sweetest, noblest, and tenderest on record.

Very different was the marriage of Richard Hooker, the author of that splendid work, "Ecclesiastical Polity." On one occasion two friends of Hooker, Sanderson and Cranmer, were visiting him. All three were sitting in his study talking; and what a conversation it must have been! They had not got far, however, when Mrs. Hooker put her head in and told her husband to go and rock the cradle, and the great scholar was obliged to give up his argument and go. Richard went back to his friends, but was soon called away again. What a fool the woman must have been to have interrupted such conversation as that with such frivolities! Why not have left the cradle unrocked, or have rocked it herself? So it went on, and all that "judicious" Hooker said was, that in this world the saints had many afflictions, and that he must not repine at what a gracious Providence had allotted him.

This was very pretty, but when we come to hear how he got his wife we are of opinion that he had much better never have said it, because when a man has made a great fool of himself, he has no business to talk about what

Providence has done for him. Hooker was a retired, studious man, living at Oxford; and on one occasion went to London to preach at Paul's Cross. Near Paul's Cross was a house at which the different preachers staid when they went there to preach, and as it was kept by a woman, it naturally came to be called "The Shunamite's House." When Hooker arrived he was very ill, and it was feared he would not be able to preach; but the Shunamite nursed him, and on the following day he was well enough to preach. Before he went on Monday the woman fell into discourse with him, and told him that he had a very delicate constitution, and a tender frame, and that the only thing that could possibly save him was a good wife. Hooker, forgetful that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," promised that if she would look him out a wife he would come up from the University and marry her at once. A short time after news came that a woman had been found, and Hooker—the "judicious" Hooker—went and married her! She was one of the greatest dunces in England; and, surely, after that Hooker had better have said nothing about the lot which Providence had appointed him. He might have been judicious in regard to ecclesiastical polity; but that title could never be applied to him in regard to his domestic polity.

Far happier was the marriage of Richard Baxter, who was, perhaps, the greatest man of the Non-Conformist body. Baxter married comparatively late in life. He was preaching at Kidderminster, and a young lady went to hear him who had been a pleasure-loving girl, but who was deeply affected by what she heard. They were married, and a noble marriage it was—late in the day with him, but still early with her; and he wrote upon her one of the most manly eulogies that had ever been written on woman. She made his poor, withered heart glad, and they lived together in unbroken peace. When the High-Church party came into power, and Baxter's sufferings commenced, his wife still cheered and comforted him, and when he was hunted from place to place always went with him. No other person could share his sorrows; and at last she left this weary world long before he did, leaving a more forlorn and lonely man than ever. What a contrast between the marriage of Richard Hooker and the marriage of Richard Baxter! The principle laid down is clearly shown in these cases—Baxter married his friend; Hooker did not marry his friend; and they both had their reward.

Passing from divines, we come to the marriage of Dr. Johnson with the widow, Mrs.

Porter, who the first time she saw Johnson said he was the most sensible man she had ever seen, and thus found out in one evening what took the stupid British public twenty years to find out. Johnson married his friend, and lived happily with her; and his prayers and meditations forty years after her death showed how deep was her place in his heart. Another beautiful instance of a man marrying his friend was the case of Flaxman, the sculptor. When Flaxman married, Sir Joshua Reynolds told him he was ruined; but the result proved that he owed all he ever did to the friend whom he had married.

On the other side of the picture is the marriage of Sir Thomas More—witty, genial, loving Sir Thomas More. More was married once, and had two daughters; but his wife died, and then he married his housekeeper, a woman who kept his house at Chelsea in beautiful order—and that was all she could do. By and by he gave up the Chancellorship for a matter of conscience; but he did not tell her, because he knew she could not understand any thing about it. When More was put on his trial and was requested to acknowledge the leadership of Henry the Eighth, he would not do it, and was, therefore, carried to the Tower. His wife, the Chelsea housekeeper, went to see him, and began complaining of his being there in such a nasty, dirty place. More replied that it was as near heaven as any where else; to which she replied, "Tillyvalley, man! You have a nice house and every thing you want at Chelsea, and why should you stay here because you will not say a few words?"

The woman's only thought was of pots, kettles, and pans—pans, kettles, and pots; and so she went back to Chelsea, but went to see her husband no more. It was not the Chelsea woman who became to him his companion, his fellow-student, his lover, his friend; but it was his daughter, Margaret Roper. It was not the Chelsea woman who visited and cheered him, but his daughter. It was not the Chelsea woman who attended him to the last, but the daughter. It was not the Chelsea woman who begged for, and took home, his head after it had been taken off, but the daughter. And when that daughter died she was buried with her father's great head upon her bosom, and corruption never saw a fairer sight than when one of the greatest of English heads, pillowed on one of the truest of English bosoms, went down to the grave.

In striking contrast to this is the marriage of Lord Wm. Russell, whose wife was one of the noblest and truest of women. She was her

husband's true friend—attended him on his trial, and up to the time when he was beheaded, and then devoted her life to the training of her children, and left a name which has never yet ceased to be one of the great names of her country; for the name of Russell has been great in that country from those days even down till now. In more modern times many instances might be cited, but they would all establish the principle laid down—that in order to make a happy marriage, a woman must be a man's friend as well as his wife, and that where this has not been the case the consequences have been most wretched, miserable, and tragic.

#### THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-cords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,  
No little feet toward slumber tending;  
No little knee in prayer to bend,  
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,  
Were there no pants or jackets tearing?  
No tiny dresses to embroider?  
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys, at wintery morn,  
With sachel to the school-house hasting;  
No merry shouts as home they rush,  
No precious morsel for their tasting?

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,  
Tall, grave, grown people at table;  
The men on business all intent,  
The dames lugubrious as they're able;

The sterner souls would get more stern,  
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach  
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,  
The little ones with cherub smile  
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,  
When in Judea's realm a preacher,  
He made a child confront the proud,  
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;  
A doleful place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.



## BOARDING ROUND THE DISTRICT.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

YES; I remember those days very well. It was at the beginning of my experience as a teacher. You who have only taught French, music, and drawing to intelligent classes, have no idea of teaching a district school in the vagabond style common to the sparsely-settled localities of Connecticut thirty years ago.

Of the schools I shall tell you very little; for any one who went to school then can reproduce the picture to suit his or her fancy; and, besides, the young ideas of the present age "shoot" in a very similar manner to those of the olden times, however ancient. The greater convenience of school-houses, the better ventilation of the same, and the confusing variety of text-books are all given as signs of the improvement of the age; but I think that the intellects that budded and matured under the old system were quite as vigorous as those that try the hot-house pressure of modern times. Any how, the thinkers who adorn the present age had, as a general thing, to "rough it" through their school days.

I was only seventeen when I undertook my first school. Scarcely more than a child myself, yet obliged perforce to assume all the dignity of a woman, I remember the awe with which my brothers and sisters regarded me when they understood that I was to go off all by myself from the secure precincts of home, and become a school-ma'am. And when it was known that I was to wear father's watch, and that I was to write a letter home once a fortnight, the reverence increased. Even little tow-headed Billy got it into his two-year-old head that there was something uncommon about sister Grace, and he would come and lean upon my knee, and gaze up into my face with a wistful, perplexed look, as if he were vainly trying to find me out.

My school might have been in the middle of some Western wilderness, and have been no more isolated from the world in general. The neighborhood was called Stone Hollow, and it deserved its name. I never saw so rocky a region. Great cliffs overhung many portions of the road; and the road itself was a collection of loose stones. Occasional strips of green made a little variety, and there were tolerable gardens attached to the dwelling-houses; but they were all fenced in by great heaps of stones, which, with infinite labor, had been removed from the cultivated parts.

Strange as it may seem, the people were all

farmers. They read the papers, and knew all about the rich, unoccupied lands of the West, and they admitted freely that a tithe of the labor bestowed upon their sterile fields would suffice to make a wilderness that was at all reasonable blossom like a rose; but they clung to their native rocks notwithstanding.

It has always been the custom for the school-teacher to "board round." I do n't think it ever occurred to any one that it would be more convenient to the teacher to have a stationary abode. And the teacher was not the only person who itinerated in this manner.

The tailoress—tailors were unknown—came once a year with her goose and press-board, and thoroughly overhauled the wearing apparel of the "men folks," cutting out and making new coats and trowsers when it was necessary, or refitting the old garments of the young men into new ones for the youngsters.

The shoemaker came annually with his bag of tools, and for the time claimed undisputed possession of the lapstone, which was used to crack nuts on during the months of his absence. A merry family was that which was so fortunate as to entertain the tailoress and shoemaker at the same time; for, besides the cheerful bustle attendant upon being measured for boots and shoes and waistcoats, the two artisans were expected to bring all the floating gossip of the neighborhood and whatever might be known of the doings of the "outside barbarians" near them. The good-humored rivalry of the two in regard to the quantity and quality of the news they carried, gave much life and interest to their communications; but, inasmuch as the masculine conscience is made of tougher material than the feminine, the shoemaker usually beat the tailoress in detailing scandal.

I should like to give you an idea of the first boarding-place accorded me. There are many such homes now among our farmers, though the modern inventions for saving labor have lightened the toils of many a housewife. Let us put down the curtains, and draw up cozily around the fireside, while I tell you about it. Do you hear the storm outside? It is a terrible night; and now that the tide is coming in, the surf has a dreary sound.

Let me think a moment. Thirty years ago! What a long time, if we are looking forward, is thirty years! But what a dream to look back upon!

I can see that farm-house just as it looked when I first saw it—a long, low building, with no chambers. I was a favored guest, and the front room—the best room—was given up to my use. It was the parlor, and had a close,

musty smell, from being kept shut up. But it was the spare bedroom also. In the corner stood the highest bed I ever saw. On it was a quilt with the patchwork pattern arranged to represent the rising sun, the said sun being of a deep-orange color on a ground of heavenly blue, which was meant to imitate the sky. Think of sleeping all night with the sun steadily rising upon your shoulders! I made up my mind to take off that quilt and fold it wrong side out, as soon as I should have the room to myself.

The extraordinary height of the bed made me nervous. Accustomed to sleep with my little sister's arms around my neck, I thought I should be trying to find her as soon as I dozed, and, as a matter of course, tumble from my lofty perch.

We had company in the evening, and they all came into my room. It was much smaller and less convenient than the kitchen, but it was the "company room," and so they crowded into it. They were young people, who came especially on my account, because I was a stranger, and they were kindly desirous to make me feel acquainted and at home. I dare say they were very agreeable, but my thoughts would stray away from the subjects discussed, and consider the feasibility of tying my feet to the foot-board of that imposing bedstead, and so anchoring myself securely till morning.

You will not expect to hear that I slept well after raising so many bugbears; but it takes something more than this to scare away the sweet, healthy sleep of the young. My head was scarcely on the pillow when a pleasant, dreamy feeling stole over me, and the next that I realized was a lazy, vague effort on my part to separate the different sounds that were proclaiming a new morning in the farm-yard. I have always had an impression that I was cheated out of that night.

Mrs. Airtoun, my hostess, was very kind to me. She had her hands full of work; but she made me comfortable, and her thoughtful, motherly way of speaking to me quite won my heart. I think that she had had the care of every body and every thing around her till she had come to consider herself a *fac simile* of Eve, the mother of all the living. There were twelve in the family, some of them hired men older than herself, but she had a motherly oversight of them all.

All the cooking, washing, ironing, mending, and general housework was done by her one pair of hands. Then she never hired any of her sewing done, and she knit the stockings for the whole concern. I was afraid to ask if she

did not also spin and weave the cloth worn by her family. I have little doubt that she raised flax, and put it through all the processes that transform it into linen, and that the material for woollen cloths came into her hands warm from the sheep's back. I believe the hens managed to lay eggs without her help; but nothing else came into her hands all ready for the market. It tires me now to think of her work, and to know how many thousands of farmers' wives go down to early graves because they are overtasked in like manner.

"O, dear!" said I to her one morning, "I can't think how you do it!"

"Well, Miss Grace, it is just here. I know it has got to be done somehow; so I begin in the morning, and plod along steadily one hour after another, and when the night comes round it is mostly done for the day. And one day at a time is all that any body lives."

"I should not call it living."

"No; I suppose not. But it is the life that most farmers' wives get."

"It is all work, so far as I can see. There are no pleasures connected with it. If a neighbor gets time to pay you a visit, you have no leisure to enjoy it. It rather adds to your burdens. And there is, of course, no time for reading."

"Reading! Well, I generally read a couple of chapters in the Bible on Sundays, after meeting. But I fall asleep over the book, because it is so unnatural to sit still. It is just so in the meeting. If I hear the text of the sermon, it is about as far as I can get. I go because I want the children to go. It seems dreadful to have them roaming about the fields on Sunday, like a parcel of young heathens."

"Does your husband go?"

"Not often. Never in haying-time or harvest. He stays at home and sleeps, or reads his paper. It is all about farming, raising cattle, and crops. I never read it, and when he reads it aloud I try to think of something else. Crops, indeed! If I had n't so many crops to fill, I could bear the subject better. But I must not waste my time in talking. Try to feel at home with us, Miss Grace. Do whatever you please, and I will make you as comfortable as I can."

And she trotted briskly away to attend to butter-making, bread-baking, and a host of other domestic duties.

At the breakfast-table next morning, Mr. Airtoun told me jokingly that a young farmer in the neighborhood had taken a fancy to me.

"Perhaps Miss Grace would not like a laboring man," suggested his wife, who was passing

through the room. She never had time to breakfast with us. I suppose she had to manage to eat and work at the same time.

"I do not hold myself above labor," I answered; "but I would not marry a farmer to save his life, or my own either, for that matter."

"Why not?" He seemed amused with my earnestness. "Some of these farmer boys are pretty likely lads."

"That may be. Your wife thought you were 'likely' too, or she would not have married you. I suppose she was as bright-looking and handsome as any of the pretty girls around. She is young enough in years to look bright now."

"But she was a real beauty then, and no mistake. She is n't bad-looking now, but somehow or other she's faded wonderfully."

"She would have kept her good looks if she had not married you," I responded a little indignantly; for his indifferent way of discussing the subject nettled me. "I wonder why she did it."

"Well, I do n't think she ever thought she made a poor bargain of it."

He was a little excited in his turn, now.

"No; I should n't wonder if she thought she had got a prize. If I should ask her opinion this morning, she would declare that you are something uncommon. I hope you are. But a man who would let me be the household drudge that she is, may be likely, as you phrase it, but I do not want him."

His face flushed angrily. I expected he would invite me to confine my attention to my own business; and I should not have blamed him if he had thought me rather rude, considering my youth, but just then his wife started from the back door with two pails, to bring water from a spring at a little distance. His two sons, having finished their breakfast, were lounging about the yard, and neither of them offered to bring the water. Their mother evidently did not expect any help from them.

"John," said the father, "go and bring the water for mother."

John looked rather surprised; but he did not stir. "Let Bill do it," he said.

The mother had paused a moment; but she now walked on.

"Stop, Betsey!" said her husband. "Set those pails down. John is going to bring the water. And, John, I want you to understand that you are to bring all the water that your mother needs in future." John pouted, but he did not dare to rebel. "If you neglect it, and I see your mother carrying water again, I will attend to your case, sir." John's sullen looks evidently excited his mother's sympathy.

"Boys naturally do not take to doing chores," she said, apologetically.

"And their mothers humoring them they grow up into selfish men. That is how it comes, Miss Grace," said the farmer, laughing, "it is all owing to your sex. Bill," he called to his second son, "you can take the charge of the wood pile. When I came home last night I saw your mother chopping wood. Do n't let that happen again."

I began to think better of farmers.

"You see," said Mrs. Airtoun, after her husband had gone to his work, "you see he is just the kindest man in the world. A little careless sometimes, but he never gave me a cross word in his life."

"But how can he let you work so hard?"

"Bless you, he has n't an idea of what I do. How should he? He comes in at night when the work is mostly done, and he finds his supper ready on the table, and me a-sitting with my knitting or my sewing, and it looks amazing easy to him."

"I would keep him in the house one week just to enlighten him."

"Well, perhaps you would," she answered, pleasantly. "When you are married I will come and see how you manage."

I had one scholar in my school who was older than myself—a young man. He had wide-open eyes that looked as if he never slept at all, and there was a dreamy, absent look in them as if his thoughts were miles away. I used to watch him with a good deal of curiosity when I could do so without attracting his attention. He was very bashful and blushed painfully nearly all of the time. He had red hair as well as a red face, and I never saw such a perfect blunderhead.

I gave the school extempore lessons in geography. I had only eleven pupils, most of them beginners in that study, and as my time was not all occupied, I conceived the idea of spending a half hour every afternoon in describing some particular country; its general features, its fauna, flora, and the manners of its inhabitants. Afterward I questioned them upon the subject.

But I am not going to tell you about my school, but about my boarding places. I remember my efforts to help Mrs. Airtoun. They were vain attempts. You see she always had other work ready to substitute for the work that I took out of her hands. Do what I would to help her she still worked all the time. Only once did I prevail on her to sit still for an hour while I took her place and washed—O, such a pile of milk-pans! It was the hardest work for her to keep still. I do n't think it rested

her, though she appreciated my wish to relieve her. I heard her telling her husband about it after I went to my room at night. She laughed about it as if it were a joke. She said, "I don't know how ladies get along who have nothing useful to do. I sat still to please Miss Grace, but I never felt so fidgety in my life. I believe I thought of every thing that is to be done in the house for a year, and it was as much as I could do to keep my hands off my knitting-work. Why, I might have toed off little Tommy's sock just as well as not. But I had engaged to sit still and rest. Catch me promising to rest again, if you can."

I did not offer to help her any more. But I was glad to see that John and Bill were kept to their business as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

I had become used to my high bed and to receiving company in my bedroom, and it seemed like a fresh leaving of home when I left them to board a fortnight with the parents of my red-headed pupil. But before I take you with me there I must admit you for a brief visit to my school-room, and give you a little incident that varied our usual routine. I had been endeavoring to give my pupils an idea of Ireland; its history and religious degradation; its poverty and the general ignorance of the people.

I spoke of its natural loveliness and capability of cultivation, and how the beautiful garden had become a desert because of the domination of Popery. In the afternoon I was startled by the appearance of a big red-faced Irish woman, who came in and seated herself on a low bench with my youngest scholars. I had but one Irish pupil, a lad of six years. I soon ascertained that my visitor was his mother.

She did not take the slightest notice of me, and I was at a loss how to address her. I knew how few of the Irish know how to read, and it occurred to me that she might have come to avail herself of my services as a teacher for herself.

"Do you wish to learn?" I asked, approaching her with my pleasantest manner so as to encourage her to speak freely.

"Learn, is it? Indade no." Her eyes flashed, and her face became several shades redder. "Learn! Small made o' that in my case."

"Then why are you here?"

"To stand oop for the ould counthree, sure. It's a big pack o' lies yees been telling the day. And ye're paid to tache, not to lie."

"You are mistaken. I am only trying to give the children some idea of other countries. There is surely no harm in that."

"Yees can say whatever ye likes about yer own hiritic land, but it'll be wholesome for ye to lave Ireland alone. An' the praste, too, for that matther."

I was not frightened. The ludicrous aspect of the affair was the most trying, for I dreaded to provoke a fresh attack by laughing.

"Very well," I answered her. "We shall have nothing more to say about either at present. Now please take my chair. It is a more comfortable seat than that low bench. I am glad you feel interested enough to visit the school. It is a great help to the teacher to have the parents interested. I must go on with the lessons now. Stay as long as you can conveniently, and come as often as you can."

I went through with the usual exercises just as if she were not present, only taking the trouble to hand her a book whenever a new class recited. The children giggled outright at her pretense of finding the place, and at her holding the book wrong side up. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that at last I gravely asked her if she would like to address the school.

"Faith, an' I should, indade. The unmanly gossoons! It's the fine dressing I'll give them, by yer lave. An' where is your whip?"

I was obliged to explain my meaning, and in doing it I giggled louder than the children had done.

"Och! But ye're a mane set intirely. I'll not stay longer to be put upon. But ye'll tache my Dermot no more. And ye'll get no keep at my place, and me the best cook in Ameriky. Bad luck to yees!"

So I lost one of my pupils and one of my boarding places at once, but I consoled myself by walking home with William Boythorn. I had my carpet bag on my arm, and Mr. Airtoun brought my trunk in the evening, so I was soon quietly settled again.

I liked the new place. The house was large and airy; a square, two-story white building, with green blinds. It was quite surrounded by trees, which looked wonderfully fresh and beautiful in contrast with the barren, stony aspect of the surrounding country. But such a racket as they made when the wind blew strongly!

A row of evergreen balsams extended across the front of the house. They carried on an Æolian concert of their own. It was a curious, mournful blending of plaintive tones not unlike a funeral chant.

"It is witch music," I remarked to my hostess.

"It is unearthly at any rate," was her reply.

"Do you not like it?"

"I dislike those trees so much that I have



quite given up the use of the sitting-room on that side of the house. I like flowers and cheerful, civilized-looking shrubs, but those doleful-looking pines put me out of all patience. Do you see those elms by the gate? Those are worth looking at."

"Yes, they are magnificent trees. But I like the pines, too."

"Do you, indeed? I have an idea that those trees are haunted; that a real intelligence animates them. They look so grave that they seem to reprove all cheerfulness, and if I am singing about my work ever so carelessly my voice hushes of itself as soon as my eyes fall on them. And they nod their heads so complacently."

I could not help smiling at her whimsical way of expressing her antipathy. She was a stout, rosy-cheeked woman of perhaps forty-five years, and looked as little like talking sentiment as any person I ever saw. I told her so.

"Sentiment! Why, I haven't a bit of it. But those trees do provoke me. I am always thinking over the many reasons I have to be thankful for my lot in life. You can see for yourself that it is an uncommonly pleasant one. Well, I go to the window there with my heart fairly bubbling over with genial, happy feeling, and this is what those trees say to me, 'Rejoice if you can, poor ignorant mortal, but life is all vanity.' If they were human I would go out and box their ears."

"Why do you suffer them to remain here?" I asked, laughing, as I could not help doing, at her earnestness.

"There it is again. I believe that fifty persons have asked me that same question. It is because my husband likes them, and he can not see that the annoyance I suffer is at all reasonable. He talks about woodland murmurs and forest whisperings, and a pack of nonsense that would astonish you coming from so rough-looking a man. Whispering fiddlesticks! I do not want any whispering or murmuring either on my premises."

"Did your husband plant them?"

"No, indeed. I could never have forgiven him if he had. They were standing here just as they are now when he bought the place. It was no malice aforethought of his that set a-growing. William likes them."

William was my red-haired, blundering pupil. I had not suspected him of any romance.

"William," said his mother, "is decidedly poetical. I suppose you have observed it."

I had not, but I was not obliged to tell her so, for she went on without waiting for an answer.

"He do n't get his poetry from me. I haven't a streak of it about me, I am happy to say. If there is one thing sillier than another written for the papers and magazines it is poetry. Do you like it?"

"I like good poetry very much."

"Well, to my mind it stands among sensible articles just as these dark balsam-trees stand among their betters. William's grandfather on his father's side used to scribble it by the acre. If you saw a bit of paper blowing about the garden you might be sure that it was covered with his verses. He got crazy at last, or rather, people found it out, for I suppose he was not exactly right any of the time. Very few poets are."

"Were any of his verses printed?"

"No. So far as that is concerned our family has no occasion to blush. But it is a sad thing, Miss Grace, to have a turn for poetry get into a family. There is no rooting it out. It goes down from one generation to another like hereditary insanity, of which it is in reality one form. Sometimes it jumps over one generation, and you hope you have got rid of it forever, but it soon crops out. It is like nettles and white-weed in a mowing lot."

"And you think your son is poetical?"

"Well, I don't know what else to call it. Any body can see that he is queer. He seems to be in a brown study the most of the time, and he takes no interest in the farm or in any thing useful. Those are symptoms, I suppose. Then he is always reading poetry. And he never knows a thing about his studies. You have found that out, have n't you?"

"Yes. But I hope to be able to interest him in them."

"You will be much more likely to interest him in his pretty young teacher. I expect he has already written verses about your eyes, and hair, and complexion. But he is a good boy, and I will not laugh at him. It is growing up with these old balsams that has ruined him. He was bright enough when he was a baby. But he was not half a dozen years old when he would lie for hours on the grass here and listen to this dreamy, melancholy wheezing, and hear in it—goodness knows what. Ah, Miss Grace, may Heaven save you from marrying into a poetical family!"

It was school-time, so I made some jesting reply and left her. But I did like to hear her talk. She was very original, and the half-concealed satire of her language, which was never unkind, gave her a wonderful charm in my young eyes.

She was a farmer's wife, but she did not

drudge all day over the work like poor Mrs. Airtoun. On the contrary, she seemed to take life very easy.

"How is it that you have so much leisure time?" I asked one evening. "Your husband's farm seems to me to be as large as Mr. Airtoun's, but you never seem tired or hurried."

"It is because I do not attempt to lift burdens too heavy for my strength. I know how much work I can do without injury, and I hire the rest done. It is poor economy to work as Betsey Airtoun does. She and her husband have paid for their place by their united efforts and labors, and that is the way that my husband and I procured ours. But as soon as ours was secured to us I began to slip off some of the burdens. You see that it was our own comfort that we had been working so hard for, and I thought it worth while to enjoy it. I think most women are very silly. They work themselves to death to get the money for other women to live easy."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, can't you see that Mrs. Airtoun is fast wearing herself out? She is younger than I am, but she will not last till she is fifty. Then, whose will be the goods for which she has toiled all her life? Her children will not get them. But a spruce second wife will walk in and take possession and live as easy as possible. If she do not spend all that has been accumulated it will go to her children, not to poor Betsey's. And that is what Mrs. Airtoun is working for."

"And you?"

"Well, I prefer to stay here a little while longer and enjoy the fruits of my own labor. My husband says I grow young as fast as he grows old. I will outlive him if I can for William's sake."

She ended the conversation with a hearty laugh, and left me to admire the dark pines by myself.

#### THE POET.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

"The world is full of glorious likenesses;  
The poet's power is to sort them out,  
And to make music from the common strings  
With which the world is strung.  
. . . . To look on beauty was  
A need, a thirst, a passion."

FEELER.

The poet walks abroad

When morning dews are gleaming;  
And every inch of the emerald sod  
With God's own light is beaming.

He looks on a milk-white cloud,  
And sees a beauteous angel,  
With wide-spread wings, breathing aloud  
To earth its high evangel.

The cataract's thundering fall;  
The music-tinkling fountain;  
The soft mist-vail encircling all  
And wreathing the far-off mountain;

The oak-tree's lofty crown,  
Lifting itself to heaven;  
The tiny, feathery thistle-down  
By fairy winglet driven—

All tell the poet's soul  
Of love, and hope, and duty,  
And away with their divine control  
His sense of truth and beauty.

And deeper still than all,  
The form our God did fashion  
In his own likeness, with its thrall  
Of human hope and passion,

Stirs to its inmost deep  
His spirit's high ideal,  
And soothes all storms of life to sleep  
Beneath its magic real.

The glancing of an eye,  
The touch of a dear finger,  
Would rouse his heart if called to die,  
And make his spirit linger.

For what to common souls  
Would scarce arouse the sleeping,  
The poet's life of life controls  
And sets each wild pulse leaping.

He loves with boundless love;  
He scorns with bitter scorn;\*  
He looks with faith to heaven above  
For love's eternal morning.

He feels that God is good  
To every breathing human,  
And that, if rightly understood,  
Each doubting man and woman,

Without a touch of fear,  
With utter, calm confiding,  
In his great heart their every tear  
Of sorrow would be hiding.

God never gave us love  
That we should drown its yearning;  
He never round our souls enwove  
This deep unfathomed burning,

To soar to higher things—  
To compass life's true meaning  
Without first giving hidden wings  
To bear us to his gleaming.

And in the fields of God,  
In his great harvest morning,  
The poet's shining golden-rod  
Will shed a rich adorning.

\* "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love." TENNYSON.

## JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM.

## PART IV.

BY HILDEGARDE.

## A PORTFOLIO, FLOWERS, AND FRUIT.

I SAID at the outset of this journey, that one of its advantages was that I could pause at will; and the calm waters of memory have reflected so many fine pictures on their smooth expanse, have portrayed with such fidelity the lights and shadows, the bold features, and the harmonious coloring of the long ago, that I have lingered fondly over a retrospect that presented so much to the mind and the heart.

To return to my writing-table. The greatest ornament of my writing-table appeals to more than one sense—its delicious perfume is redolent of all sweet thoughts and fancies—the modest heliotrope, exquisite half-blown roses, the lemon verbena, and the graceful, fragrant leaves of the rose geranium in beautiful harmonious union adorn a Pompeian vase, whose classic form and designs suggest the heroic past. I think I could be perfectly satisfied with these flowers to the exclusion of all others—their fragrance and beauty leave nothing to be desired. Since I have finished this sentence the Chinese honeysuckle, the *Daphne Odora*, the English violet with its sweet breath, the gentle mignonnette, the elegant tuberose, the refined Cape jasmin have risen before me in their perfumed loveliness, asking why they should be put aside for roses, heliotrope, and geranium. Only because it is a part of my philosophy to be satisfied with the present, with no vain regrets for the absent, no anxious longings for the unattainable. And yet I have wished, more than once, for an hour in those superb, princely, German gardens, where the breeze passing through Æolian harps, placed in groves surrounded by flowers, brings at once in delicious combination waves of melody and wafts of perfume.

Near the flowers is a basket with magnificent bunches of grapes—the Black Hamburg and the Muscatel, which charm the eye with their grace of form and beauty of coloring, while they address themselves powerfully to two of the other senses. They were brought by generous hands from noble grapery, adorned with a profusion of such superb bunches, and crowning the summit of a hill, on which it is lifted up a shining mark. Under the same lofty glass roof you may look upon flowers so rare, so distinct in their individuality, that you long to take their portraits and not let them “die and leave the world no copy.” You may see fuch-

sias in all their graceful varieties, acacia-trees feathering with yellow blossoms—calceolarias, deep-toned, rich, and velvety—orchids in mid-air, with delicate spikes of bloom, such as a princess chose for her bridal bouquet—camellias in snowy whiteness or crimson glory—rhododendrons resplendent in gorgeous coloring, and orange-trees perfuming the air with their penetrating fragrance. In this green-house the year is encircled with a wreath of bloom, that knows no touch of Winter or decay. There have been seasons, too, when favored neighbors have been summoned to behold that midnight glory, the night-blooming cereus, that lonely, poetic flower, which, leaving the sunshine and the brightness to the lovely sisterhood, blooms in the silence and darkness of the night hours, illuminating and cheering them with her beauty and fragrance.

This conservatory exercises a wide hospitality. Its rare flowers do not bloom unseen by all but a favored few. Its doors are thrown open, and unaccustomed eyes look at rare plants brought from Australia, China, and the islands of the sea. Day after day a locust grove, set apart with kindly consideration by the owner of this elegant place, echoes with the glad tones of children's voices. Hundreds of them come to spend the day in rural joys, and to them the freedom of the grounds is given. They can walk at will over the velvet lawns, pause beside the flower-beds, with their sheets of snowy whiteness or of scarlet splendor, and gaze at the grand view, with its undulating foreground, with fine cattle grouped under the spreading trees, its wide sweep of meadow-land and forests, its glimpses of country seats and cottages, its noble river and its far-off mountains. Or they can wander beside the lake and look at its little row-boat and its miniature steamboats from the pretty pavilion that adorns its grassy bank, or the graceful bridge that spans its placid waters.

## AN OIL PRINT IN A CONE FRAME.

As I raise my eyes above the table they rest on an oil print of Rubens' Descent from the Cross, which gives a fine idea of this wonderful painting. How well I remember the impression it made on me when I entered the transept of the beautiful Cathedral of Antwerp, and the picture was before me! The marvelous skill of the painter in bringing out in such relief the pallid body of the dead Christ on the white sheet by which it is partially supported—the sweet profile of Mary Magdalene, the attitude and red drapery of John, the noble face of Joseph of Arimathea, the fine grouping of

the figures, excited our profound admiration. That was one of my great days in Europe—Antwerp, with its thrilling history—the Cathedral, with its spire of exquisite, fairy-like tracery—the grand pictures of Rubens with which he has glorified the city, so proud to call him her own, were the great jewels, but all the interstices were filled up with seed pearl. And so I am glad to have this memorial of it continually before me, recalling, as it does, pleasant Christmas time—a time of deep snow and keen cold, but of “intimate delights” and fire-side happiness when this oil-print was given to me. Its frame is exceedingly pretty, of graceful shape, and formed of minute cones of the fir and the spruce from the mountainous region of Pennsylvania—gathered there and arranged for me by a sister-in-law of mine, who frequently lights up this room by her bright presence. She was here as a little girl, and first burst upon my brother's boyish gaze by rushing into the room after a kitten. She was a pretty child, and the boys of the family were always ready to accompany her on her woodland rambles, fishing excursions, or expeditions in search of mushrooms or chestnuts. After two years absence she came one Summer day, not the child but the woman. We were all amazed at the transformation. She had grown up suddenly, tall, handsome, finely developed, and attracting others within her sphere besides the boys of the family. We loved to listen to her sweet voice, to see her start off for the woods or the river with the same undiminished enjoyment of her rural tastes—a pretty glade in our woods seems to have some mysterious charm for my brother and herself, and we have a shrewd suspicion that words spoken beneath the shade of those old trees and overhanging rocks were, in some way, connected with the revelation made to us one day, that we were to have a new sister.

On the table, under this picture, is my Bible, a handsome London edition, and resting on it is a Baxter's Treasury Bible, whose diamond type unfits it for daily reading, but whose wealth of references firmly clasps the fifteen hundred years of sacred story. They disclose to us the wonderful unity that characterizes the utterances of shepherds and kings, patriarchs and prophets, evangelists and apostles. Narrative is entwined with lovely song. The perspective of the future is illuminated with rays of prophetic light, shooting far in advance of the onward march of history. Proverbs crystallize the wisdom of the ages. Undesigned coincidences crop out in the Gospels and confirm their truth. The epistles unlock with their golden keys the

ceremonial law and the hidden treasures of the temple service. Apostolic precept is illustrated by the holy example of the primitive Church. The Revelation, with its gorgeous imagery, its bursts of divine glory, its celestial scenery, its glimpses into the grand future, gives ample scope to the soaring fancy. It lifts us above the dim earth, and lets us look into heaven through the open door.

And thus we see what a recent writer has well brought out, the adaptation of the Bible to man—the Old Testament to his moral nature, the Gospels to his affections, the epistles to his understanding, and the Revelation to his imagination.

Of what book would we not tire if we read it through all the days of our mortal life? In what book do we find words disclosing their hidden meaning in the glow of hallowed emotion, as characters written in sympathetic ink start out before the genial flame? In what book do we see in harmonious union the greatest simplicity and the most profound wisdom? Why is it that this old, old book is not antique; that it wears the air of perpetual youth, dewy with the freshness of the morning? How is it that its declarations are not set aside by the bold hand of science as it untwists the threads that bind together the secrets of animated nature? Why do long-buried inscriptions tally with Bible records—and ancient cities, throwing off the accumulations of centuries, array themselves once more in the shadowy glory of their past as witnesses of the accuracy of the old Hebrew historian? Why is it that orators study Holy Writ to form their style, and employ in their most effective moments the deep pathos of sacred narrative, or the bold imagery of the ancient seer?

These questions lead us to the conclusion that Divinity has stamped its seal on this wondrous book, which distends the intellect of the philosopher, and gives its simple message to the child. Truly did Coleridge say of it, “In the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being, and whatever finds me, brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit.”

Let us, then, gather the manna every day. We need it to renew our strength. Without it we shall faint and fail. “Want of food,” said Dr. Kane in his Arctic expedition, “does not show itself in hunger, but in the decline of the muscular power—the men scarcely aware of it themselves, but referring the difficulty they found in dragging or pushing to something



uncommon about the ice rather than their own weakness." So the want of spiritual food will show itself not in hunger for the bread of life, but in the decline of power to work for Christ. Scarcely aware of this loss of strength, we attribute the difficulty we find in removing obstacles, in influencing others, to something unusual in the obstacle, uncommon in the nature, instead of accounting for it by his own lack of aggressive power.

#### THE SHELF IN THE CORNER.

In the corner is a sort of *étagère*, if we may dignify it by that name—a three-sided shelf, covered with dark velvet with a scalloped border. I will only single out a few of the objects grouped here. The prettiest thing is a graceful bottle of blue Bohemian glass, the color of which always gratifies my eyes; but it has no history. Near it are two beautiful specimens of white coral, one whose curious convolutions bear an extraordinary resemblance to the brain, and another whose delicate ramifications must have been produced by insects who had had dreams of the wealth of branch, and stem, and foliage in leafy forests. This was brought to me by friends from the sunny Bermudas; with their coral reefs formed by the little builders of the deep, whose exquisite gardens, with all their rich and delicate hues, have been prettily compared, by one who gives a charm to the study of natural history by the play of his graceful fancy, to "garlands of verdure on the brims of cups whose bases rest in the unfathomable depths."

Between these pieces of coral is a card-basket of white wood, highly polished, and presenting a pretty enameled picture of the Castle of Chillon, jutting into the placid lake, with its solemn girdle of mountains. The gift of a friend and pastor, who visited this spot consecrated by the genius of Byron, it recalls vividly the day when I sailed over the calm surface of that beautiful lake, crossed the draw-bridge that led to the castle, stood within its massive walls, penetrated the gloomy dungeons, looked at the "seven pillars of gothic mold," and thought of the stern tragedies in which they had played their part. How well I remember a "little flowery ejaculation" of these old walls, a blue-bell nodding its pretty head, as if to look at its image mirrored in the waters!

Near the card-plate is a musical box, brought to me by my brother from Geneva, which has often discoursed to me its delicate music. Its concord of sweet sounds takes me back to the beautiful city on the lake, where I spent five happy days, gazing from La Fenetre at Mont

Blanc, snowy and rose-tinted, in the clear light of a Summer afternoon; looking at the unwilling junction of the rushing waters of the blue, arrowy Rhone with the muddy, turbulent Arve; ascending the Saleve to see the grand view from La Vonte, a wall of overhanging rock; visiting the church where Calvin preached, and where my view of the modern preacher was entirely obstructed by a row of five enormous Leghorn hats in the pew before me. More satisfactory was the pleasant evening service in Dr. Malan's chapel, where we heard a fine sermon from the good old man, whose silvery locks floating on his shoulders gave him a most venerable appearance.

A wooden nut-cracker, in the form of a hand grasping the receptacle for the nut, which is cracked by a screw, I bought as a memorial of a very pleasant and amusing dinner at a Swiss inn. The inn looked so very unpromising that we had our misgivings as to the dinner it could furnish, and bethought ourselves of a lunch we had ordered the day before, at an inn by a pretty stream, of "*omelettes a fines herbes*," which came on table looking beautifully, but so strongly flavored with spearmint that we could not eat it. Perhaps the hostess, who was to furnish our dinner, saw the doubt in our faces, and determined to give us a proof of her skill. Course after course appeared, the dishes good and nicely cooked, and after we had all dined most heartily on the bountiful provision set before us, two fresh joints of meat were brought in, but could provoke no appetite, so they were taken off untouched. Then came the dessert—fritters, curiously curled up, somewhat in the form of cauliflower; nice cakes, and delicious raspberries and cream; then a variety of nuts, and the first specimen of the Swiss wooden nut-cracker I had seen, the hand grasping the nut; and so I bought one of the same sort at Chamouni.

Here, in a little jar, is honey from Mount Hy-mettus, with a wild, aromatic flavor, and near it a box with some grains of Egyptian wheat, raised from seeds found in the hand of a mummy. Thus the life has remained in the grains clasped in the dead hand more than two thousand years, a life waiting the contact with the friendly soil, the sunshine, and the rain of this far-off world, to burst from its narrow bounds and rise into the upper air, waving its graceful, golden heads as it did in the elder centuries. Can we doubt that the same Power that retained the life in that hidden seed will watch over our buried dust, and bring us, with our accustomed but glorified form, to the far-off land?

Near this is a model of the old stone mill at Newport, the clew to whose mystery has not

been found by the disentangling hand of history, which points to some early visits of the Northmen. It is suggestive to me of later associations of my visit to the hospitable cottage of the dear friend who gave it me; of morning rambles on the cliffs, with their grand look seaward, or on the beach, watching the measured coming of the beautiful waves, listening to the long-resounding roll of their music, gathering the sea-mosses thrown upon the rocks, and devoting afternoons to their preservation. They are before me in all their delicate tracery and exquisite variety, some looking like large branches of pink coral, some of red and green, and pink and white, some like pink sea-shells, and others minute and fairy-like as the gossamer. No art of man can equal these charming specimens of Nature's painting, and as we examine their wonderful beauty, not fully revealed to the unassisted vision, we can only exclaim with devout gratitude, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea."

To return to the stone mill, with its hoary antiquity, dating as far back, it is said, as the twelfth century—a far-off look to us in this New World. Its round arches are overgrown with ivy, and it is situated in Touro Park, so named because Mr. Touro, of the Hebrew faith, bought the mill and the land around it, and presented it to the city. We passed it on our way to the "Atlantic," which was for some years the seat of the naval school driven from Annapolis by the tread of hostile armies. As my friend is the wife of one of the professors, we paid a pleasant visit to the midshipmen on the Constitution, anchored in the quiet bay of Newport. Beautiful Newport, tender and grand, presenting on one side landscapes of peaceful loveliness, and on the other gigantic rocks and the vast expanse of ocean, in serene or terrible majesty.

#### THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Before the table is an arm-chair, with a red morocco seat and a straight back of the stiff and formal fashion of more than a century ago. In later years I remember it in a pleasant study in New England, before a study-table covered with black cloth, and with an ample array of drawers on either side. It stood near a south window that, through the vine-covered pillars of a veranda, looked upon a pleasant slope shaded by fine maples and elms. A book-case of black walnut, filled with well-chosen volumes, covered the northern wall of the room, a western window brightened it with the last rays of the sun,

and a cheery wood-fire, sparkling and crackling, made the interior inviting when the trees had lost their leaves and the grass its verdure. But the charm of the room lay in a more genial presence. The honored form that occupied this chair made it memorable, and some of his friends will not deem the beautiful words of Foster, written of another, inappropriate when applied to him: "His playful wit never put his severe virtue and his wisdom out of recollection; and at the same time it was acknowledged that so imperial a virtue had" seldom "been seen so much at its ease in the company of pleasantry and humorous fancy." Ah me! it seems long since that purified spirit exchanged the earthly for the heavenly habitation, entering into the "mystery of glory," which, if we are faithful, will one day be revealed to our expectant eyes.

And so, through dancing lights and deep shadows, I have completed the third stage of my journey. In its progress I have repeatedly felt the truth of Mendelssohn's remark: "Truly the more delightful of all things is to be enabled to store up precious and enduring memorials of past days, to tell that those days were; and the most hateful of all things is, when time passes on and we pass with it, and yet grasp nothing." I have journeyed on amid so many memorials, each with its own tender story, that I have been at a loss to choose among these claimants of my regard.

#### WHEN THE STORM-CLOUDS COME.

BY MISS ISABELLA MILLER.

FATHER, when the skies are bright and sunny,  
And no dark clouds pall with gloom,  
When life's paths wind through the pleasant meadows,  
Where fair, sweet flowers shed perfume,  
When birds trill their gracious songs of gladness  
On green boughs that bend above,  
Sadly apt and prone are we to wander,  
All forgetful of thy love!  
But when the wild storm-clouds loom up darkly,  
And the lightnings fiercely flash,  
When we frightened hear the dire storm muttering,  
And the thunder's deafening crash,  
Then in fear, and gloom, and chastened sorrow,  
For thy "Peace, be still!" we plead;  
Wildly stretch we out our arms in blindness,  
Seeking for thy hand to lead.  
Pity thy forgetful ones, O Father!  
Lead thy wandering sheep aright;  
When the sun declines upon the meadows,  
Bring them to thy fold at night!  
Shield them with thy love, so great and potent,  
When the storms of grief and sin  
O'erwhelm, and O, when they come repentant,  
Bid them, Father, enter in!

## MR. AND MRS. SMITH'S HEADACHES.

"SUCH a headache as I have!" groaned Smith, as he entered the breakfast-room, with his hair rumped, his chest collapsed, and his back rounded out in the shape of the letter C. "Such a headache!"

"Perhaps it was the cake you ate before going to bed," remarked his wife, as she poured the coffee.

"Cake? there's nothing more wholesome than cake before going to bed, especially plum-cake," answered Smith, dropping into a chair.

Mrs. Smith feeling indisposed at that matutinal hour for an argument assented.

"Try a little tea," suggested she.

"Tea! an old maid's remedy; no tea for me."

"Well, coffee."

"I do n't think I want any thing," groaned Smith. "O, dear! I'm going to have a day of it."

Mrs. Smith had it on her tongue's end to say:

"Well, that is the usual result of a night of it;" but she closed her teeth and bit off the exasperating and truthful rejoinder.

"Is n't this room awful hot?" asked Smith, opening six doors, without waiting for her reply, which, if uttered, would have been that she was shivering with the draughts.

Then seating himself at the table: "I think I will have tea, Mrs. Smith; it will be sure to upset or cure me; it don't matter which," he adds, with a despairing groan; "and I may as well eat a piece of beefsteak, while I'm about it—in for a penny, in for a pound—O, dear."

"I think I'll come and sit in your room, Mary," said Smith to his wife after the tea and breakfast had gone down. "It looks nice and pleasant here, and I like to stay with you when I have the headache."

Mary turned her back, that he need not see the smile lurking round her mouth at the conclusion of his sentence, and brought a pillow to the sofa for his disorganized head.

"Not that—no, not that; it will only heat my head. O, dear! Mary [solemnly] do you know I think I made a mistake in eating that beefsteak?"

Mary, with a heroism which should place her name in "Fox's Book of Martyrs," did not reply:

"I knew it at the time, Smith, and my only chance of preventing you from eating was to refrain from asking you not to eat; so I did n't say so."

"Mary," said Smith, as she seated herself to sewing, "do n't you think I should feel better if I had a jug of boiling water at my feet?"

"Perhaps you would," said Mary, dropping her spoons, and thimble, and buttons on the floor to hunt up the jug and hot water herself, for Smith had the opinion that a wife should attend personally to these things, although three great fat servants might sit sucking their thumbs in the kitchen, and cooking their heels on the range.

"Perhaps you would."

"Mary," asked Smith, after this arrangement was carried out, "do n't you think this bottle might be pushed a little closer? I do n't feel it, except on one foot."

"Yes," said Mary, dropping her work once more. "Is that right?"

"O, yes," answered Smith, rolling his left eye in ecstasy, as the heat penetrated the soles of his feet; "how nice it is to have you round when I am sick!"

The same funny look came again round the corners of Mary's mouth, but Smith, bless his obtuse soul, did n't see it.

"Mary," said Smith, "I think I could go to sleep now if you would close those curtains and things, and carry that confounded bird down stairs, and shut out the light."

"Yes," said Mary, "and I'll take my sewing in the next room."

"Do," said Smith.

And gathering up her work-basket and Smith's pants, that had several vital buttons missing, and which he wished replaced, Mary departed.

"Mary," said Smith, suddenly appearing at the door of the room where she had seated herself, with his hair rampant, and blanket shawl sticking to his back, "it's no use. I do n't feel a bit better. I'm sure I do n't know what to do. Do you really think it was the cake?"

Mary's patience was waning. "I know it, John—it always makes you sick. Do n't you recollect I asked you not to eat it at the time?"

"Well, all I can say is," said Smith, "I do n't believe it. O, dear! where are the morning papers?"

That was another way of asking Mary to read them to him, which she did, and without saying, as Smith did on similar occasions:

"O! there is nothing in the paper this morning but the same old tariff discussions; in fact, they are quite dull—here they are—perhaps you can pick out something for yourself."

At twelve Smith sank into the arms of Morpheus, and slept till three; but, alas! waking, begged for his wife and a washbowl. Both were forthcoming, as also the expected result. The rest of the day, till dark, the blinds were opened and shut; the bottle of hot water on and off duty, and Mrs. Smith staid by to see him be

sick. About seven in the evening he despairingly signified his wish to retire, adding:

"I suppose, of course, you don't feel sleepy at all?"

"N-o," said Mary, looking from the window at a lovely moon that was just rising, "N-o, not very."

"Well," said Smith, "don't come, if you don't want to, but I can't sit up any longer, and I have an idea I shall get to sleep."

So Mary went to bed with her bearded baby.

A week had elapsed. Smith was in good health and spirits. He could smoke. The world was n't a charnel-house, after all. Mary was flat on her back with a nervous headache.

"Sick?" asked Smith.

"Shocking pain in my temples," said Mary.

"What a pity," answered Smith, paring his nails at the window, without turning his head. "It's going to be such a lovely day—quite like Spring. Have you the least idea where my gray pants are?"

"No," said Mary, faintly, for the pillows. "I think in the closet."

"So—strange," said Smith, "about those gray pants; I don't think they've worn very well—do you? And do you know, Mary, about the milk bill, whether it is right or not? and, by the way, did my shoes come home last night? and has that man been to fix the front door?"

"My head aches so bad," said Mary, "that I can't remember any thing. Biddy will tell you."

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said Smith, tying his cravat at the glass. "The very best thing for you is to keep quiet, and I'll take myself off out of the way. Sleep is the thing for you." So Smith put on his heaviest pair of boots, and went all over the house, and let the doors bang, and whistled the "Stars and Stripes," and ate his breakfast, and then came up to her to discuss the respective claims of pork, and beef, and chicken for that day's dinner, closing by another recommendation to keep quiet, and not bother herself about any thing.

"No better?" asked Smith, reproachfully, at six o'clock that evening; "no better? I thought you'd be well, certainly, by this time, after a day's quiet." Quiet? She had had the whole kitchen retinue after her all day, asking more questions than there are in the assembly's catechism, and the front door bell ringing as if by order of the fire department; but she had said nothing at all about that; if she had, Smith would have replied, with that lordly wave of his hand with which men dispose of such matters: "You should n't allow such trifles to trouble you."

"No better, then?" Smith inquired, as if in gratitude to him he really deserved a modification of her former reply—"no better? Well, sleep, after all, is the best thing; and, as I can't do any thing for you, I think as it is such a lovely night that I will stroll out awhile. There, there," said he, patting the end of the blanket, "go to sleep now." And close upon his retiring heels she heard the thundering bang of the front door.

After divers and many comparisons between male and female headaches, and the seeming incongruity on the male mind of the same course of treatment for both, Mrs. Smith fell asleep, to be waked about twelve by Smith, who thumped up stairs in his boots, and advised her again as to the efficiency of sleep, in cases of female headache. Then—Smith went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just, with not a glimmering of an idea that he was not the unselfishest and loveliest of husbands. Indeed, had his wife questioned it, he would have pointed her to that column in the daily papers where accounts are given of husbands who make it a practice to crack their wives' skulls once a week; and placing his arms akimbo with a stern look, would have asked her with his nose close to her face:

"What if she had such a husband as that?"

#### THE LONELINESS OF CHRIST.

DID you ever think of Christ where he spoke of himself being alone, and instantly said that he was not alone? You will find in the Berlin gallery one of Raphael's pictures of the Madonna, in which there is an exquisite seizing of one of the most fugitive passages of time. The mother has a book, and she is reading, and the child is putting his hand in her bosom, and she has the expression of being absorbed in the book, and yet of having sufficiently noticed the child to look up at it. Her expression is caught just at that subtle moment of time when she is thinking of the book which she is reading, and yet is not quite thinking of it, but is thinking of the child. The whole picture presents that thought, and you can not fail to see it clearly.

And where Christ speaks of himself in this instance, it is one of those subtle transitions where he is thinking of himself in his relations to the world, and he speaks of himself as being alone; and yet, instantly lifting his thoughts to God, says: "Not alone." This sublime discrimination, how full it is of meaning, and comfort, and consolation to us in our various relations of life!



## MARY GRAY.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

A LINGERING sunset glow shone over the hills, lighting up the small window of a little cottage fronting on the dusty street. The door was half open, and the black letters of the rude sign above it, "Washing and Ironing," stood out staringly against their unpainted background. A woman sat at the window, her chin resting on her clasped hands, and her face pressed against the pane—a face that could never, even in youth, have claimed other beauty than that of the kind heart shining through, and now, wrinkled, and old, and marked all over with lines of pain. Looking at it, you felt that, whatever worldly hope life might have held for her in its first years, she had missed its fulfillment; but, however terrible the first struggles of disappointment had been, the convulsions vaguely hinted at in the outcrop of form and feature, they had passed by long ago, and left their after-calm. It was the face of one who might wait for heaven, but who no longer expected any thing of earth.

The bell in the great tower of the woolen factory rang out the welcome hour of "off-work," and presently a crowd of workmen, male and female, came pouring out, and mingled in motley groups along the street. At first glance the moving throng seemed like a huge swarm of bees just issuing from their hive, but a closer inspection would prove the simile inapt for many, whose worn faces told of long struggle with poverty and disappointment. They were like ants, constant and patient workers, but with no aim higher than the soil. You could never think of them as winged creatures, to whom labor and delight were one, and the combined result of whose strength was hoarded sweetness.

Little Scotch Jessie Cameron walked apart from the rest, her blithe, "halesome" presence diffusing a kind of brightness about her as she went. It would take many years of toil and discouragement to quench the light in her steady, brown eyes, or make her graceful step heavy and listless. If you could have seen her you would have said, "God grant such years may never come!"

Some one from the window of the spinning-room looked after Jessie as she went out, and soon there was a quick step behind her, firmer and stronger than hers, but not a whit less springing and elastic. I think little Jessie knew the step, for a bright color came into her cheeks, though she did not pause or look back.

"Jessie," called a pleasant voice, "what makes you hurry so? Why, I've been near running!" Jessie blushed again.

"How could I know you wanted to speak to me?" she said, with an arch smile.

"How could you help knowing it?" was the half-reproachful answer, as the owner of the voice fell into step beside her—a tall, stalwart young fellow, whose shapely figure and manly grace of movement were only partially concealed by his loose work-day suit, oil-stained and grimy with lint.

"I always want to see you, Jessie, but specially to-night, to talk about the ride that some of the boys from our mill are getting up for to-morrow night. There'll be about twenty in all to go—stop at Bell Grove for supper and a good time, and the moon'll be up, you know, by the time we want to start home. I want to take you, Jess—may I?"

Jessie's lips said, "Thank you!" but her bright, eager eyes looked a more eloquent answer.

"I'll call at seven o'clock, then," said her companion, as he left her at her boarding-house.

"What shall I wear?" thought Jessie, still standing in the door. "I'll just run down to Mary Gray's and make sure of my blue muslin's being done up. He praised it once," and the happy color came and went in her cheeks as she walked rapidly down the street. The pale, watching face was still at the window of the washerwoman's cottage. Seeing it suddenly, Jessie felt as if it might have grown there. The weary eyes did not see her, though she had passed quite through their field of vision, and she turned involuntarily to know what sight beyond her had power to fasten that intense, yearning gaze. There was nothing there but the dull, gray street and its groups of idle passers; the mills, with their frowning brick walls; the box-like boarding houses, dressed in their changeless uniform of light-brown paint; beyond, the long, low sweep of island; the sullen river, spanned with its stone bridge, and sweeping round the opposite point, whose bold bluffs were crowned with handsome mansions, veiled in soft sunset lights and shadows. Jessie tapped hesitatingly at the half-open door. The woman started, her thin cheek flushing.

"I've disturbed you, Mrs. Gray. I only came to ask about my dress," said Jessie, quickly. "I'm going away to-morrow night, and I'd like it to wear, if it's convenient."

"It's done a'ready. But do n't go, Jessie—come in—you have n't disturbed me. I've been a bit lonesome and foolish, and the sight of you'll do me more good than aught else."

Jessie threw off her straw hat on the white floor, and sat down on a little cricket at the woman's feet. Neither spoke for a little time; but the thin hands were playing nervously with Jessie's bright hair.

"How old are you, Jessie Cameron?" There was a strange tenderness in the tone.

"Eighteen, comé Christmas."

"Eighteen? And fourteen years ago I buried my little Jane, and she was just four years old, brown-haired and eyed, like you. I've had a dream of her—of her as she might a' been; and when I saw you standing in the door, it seemed for a minute as if my dream was true, and she'd come to life again—my Janey—my little child. I must a' sit here a good while, Jessie: for I've lived all my life over to-night, I think."

Then, after a pause, she said suddenly:

"Do you trust in God, Jessie Cameron?"

"I'm sure I do," answered the girl, simply and solemnly. "Why should n't I? He's always taken care of me."

"Never forget that, Jessie. Trust him always, my child. I doubted once, and then—" she stopped, and her hand lay heavily on Jessie's head.

The girl's arm stole round her waist. "Tell me about it," she said.

The woman sighed heavily, and shook her head.

"It seems as if such a life as mine was n't for the like of you to hear about—so young and pretty, and the world before you."

"But I've known trouble, too, Mrs. Gray," said Jessie, pleadingly. "Do talk to me. I can understand you. You know I've no mother of my own, and you shall talk to me as if—as if I was, really and truly, little Jane."

"There's a great many strange things in the world," said Mrs. Gray, as if she had not heard, "but it seems to me that the strangest of all is the way that drink changes a man into something worse'n a brute. And it is n't they that was hard and mean before that go the farthest: it's the whole-souled, generous ones, that would give their last crust to one that needed—it's such as that, Jessie, that lose body and soul for rum."

"There was n't a likelier young fellow the country round than my man was when we were married—no, nor a happier wife. Twenty-five years ago this month we set up housekeeping. We had n't much but our own hands to depend on, but with them, and a heart for honest work, there's no need of starving or the poor-house either. We never knew what 't was to want in those days, and we did have a dear little

home. I thank God, even now, that I know what a home can be! Why, I would n't a' changed places with a queen—no, not with the whole world thrown in.

"I can't tell rightly when the change begun; but all at once it seemed to come to me that my man was n't home so early of evenings, and when he did come he acted restless and uneasy like. Then I begun to try harder than ever to make it pleasant for him; and by and by, when there was a cradle in the house, I thought sure now he'd be contented. And so he did seem to be for a while; and I do n't know as I ever saw happier months than those first of little Rob's life. But after awhile the old ways came back again. He'd come home with his breath strong of drink, never a word or look for the baby, and only cross words for me. Many's the time I've kept little Rob awake all the evening, thinking his father's heart would be touched to see him clap his little hands, and call 'Papa! papa!' But it was n't any use; things went from bad to worse.

"There was n't a better workman any where than Robert was when he was sober; but the boss said he could n't be depended on, and so work grew to be scarce, and food and fire were scarcer. Many's the time I've prayed him on my knees to leave his bad companions, and promise never to drink again. 'I would if I could, Mary,' he said sometimes; 'but it's too late; I can't quit now.'

"I think he tried hard to stop when little Jane was born, for he kept sober longer than he had in a great many months before; but coming from work one night, he fell in with a crowd of his old mates, and they shamed and taunted him, and dared him to drink, till he yielded again. I laid all night crying, with my baby on my arm, and little Rob in the cradle by my bed; and toward morning he came home. O, Jessie! I can't tell you what he did; for he was my husband yet, and I could n't forget what he'd been to me once; but little Rob carried a scar on his forehead always after that. I think Robert gave up trying then. When the last grain of self-respect's gone, then a man's lost.

"We had to leave our house, and live in an old, tumble-down shanty. I was n't so strong as I used to be, and, do all I could, I could n't keep the wolf from the door. O, Jessie! it's an awful thing for a woman to hear her little children cry themselves to sleep for hunger, when her last bit of bread's gone, and she do n't know where the next can come from.

"Little Jane never was a strong child, and hunger and cold brought on the fever. I heard

her moaning in the night, and when I took her up and felt her little hands and head burning hot, and heard her cry for water, I felt in my heart that she'd never be any better in this world. I can't say that I was sorry, though if ever a child lived at the core of a mother's heart 't was that one. I held her in my arms night and day till she died. Just before she breathed her last she opened her eyes wide with a wonderful smile, and, says she, 'O, mother, I've been to heaven, and I saw a hundred loaves of bread!' And then she kissed me, and breathed shorter and shorter. The smile staid on her little face after she was dead.

"Little Rob was a proud, high-spirited boy, and it seemed as though he suffered more'n I did in those years. O, Jessie, how his father used to beat him when the fits were on! The greatest trouble I'd had yet came when he was twelve years old. I waked up one morning and found his bed empty, and a letter lying on the pillow. I'll show you the letter, Jessie; it's my last of my boy."

The woman rose weakly, and, opening an old chest, took out of it a little box. In it were a plain, gold ring, a curl of brown hair, and a letter yellow with age and tear-stains. Jessie opened the letter and read these words, written in a rude, boyish hand:

"Mother, I would have told you if I could, but I was afraid you would cry, and then I could n't have gone. But I can't stay, and I won't—to be whipped to death at home, and hooted at and called names in the street. If I could do you any good, mother, by staying I would, but I can't. I'm going to sea, and some day I'll come back rich, and then I'll take care of you. Don't feel bad, mother, for you know I love you. Rob."

"O! Jessie," said Mrs. Gray, "I did n't grieve for little Jane—she was safe, but who could tell what might become of my boy? But I trusted in God yet, though he knows it was hard with every thing so dark.

"I heard once more from Rob. One of the neighbors went to New York, and ran against him on the quay. The man said he asked eagerly after me, but could n't be prevailed on to go home. He told the man to tell me that he'd hired as cabin-boy on the 'Sarah Thompson,' bound for the South Seas, and was to sail next day.

"That Winter, Jessie, my poor husband was drowned. Coming home one night he tried to cross the pond, but the ice was too thin. O, my poor Robert! the father of my children—he that I'd loved so in the happy days gone by!

"I'd nothing now to keep me to the old

place, so I thought I'd go to the city. It seemed as though I'd be nearer to my boy there. I could watch the shipping lists, I thought, and meet him on the quay when his vessel came to port. So I went, and managed to keep soul and body together with my needle and thread.

"Jessie, I hope you'll never know what it is to watch for a ship that never comes. A few scattered spars, and a broken piece of her side with the ship's name on it, picked up by a homeward-bound vessel, brought all the tidings that ever came.

"It was then, Jessie, that I thought there was no God, or if there was, that he did n't care for me. And I went mad. I don't remember any thing more, till one day I seemed to wake up all at once and began to pray. By and by I looked around, and I thought I was in the strangest place I ever saw. I could n't make out any thing; but they told me I was in the Island Asylum. I'd been in four years, the matron said, and though I had n't known a quiet hour in all that while, yet from this time my head was clear. My past life came back—all the first joy, and then the dreadful suffering after, but a light that was n't of this world seemed to shine over it, and I saw that God did love me; that he loves us all; that he never forgets us, and that he feels every pain of ours a great deal more than we possibly can. I saw, too, how, when we get to heaven, the longest, hardest life will look so short that we can hardly measure it. God knows all, and he will make it right.

"So I left the Island, and wandered here and there till I came here. I'm just waiting now, and trying to be patient till God calls me home."

Jessie was crying silently, and the tears slid through her clasped hands, and fell on the woman's faded gown.

"Don't cry, my child. It's late, and you must go home. I'll give you your dress."

She rose, took down the airy muslin from her ironing frame, folded it neatly and put it in Jessie's hand.

"Jessie," she said, "it was hard in me to tell you this. I do n't know why I did. Forgive me, child."

"O! Mrs. Gray," sobbed Jessie, "do n't say so. I'm so glad you told me. I never can forget it."

"Come in and let me see you dressed to-morrow night, little Jessie," said the woman with a wistful tenderness.

"I will." Jessie brightened through her tears. "May n't I kiss you for little Jane?"

. . . . .

Jessie stood at her little looking-glass, giving the last touch to the blue ribbon at her throat, when she heard the sound of wheels, and ran down stairs to meet her escort.

"All ready, Jessie?"

"Not quite," was the half-hesitant answer.

"Why, I do n't see as any thing can be wanting," said the young man in a lower tone, as he came nearer, still holding the reins in his hand. "Did you wear those blue fixin's for me, Jessie?"

Jessie blushed. "I—I promised to run down street just a minute. The woman that ironed my dress wanted to see me with it on. Would you mind waiting till I come back?"

"Yes, I should," was the answer, in a decided tone—"so much that I'm going with you;" and with the words, he swung Jessie lightly into the chaise, and seating himself beside her, touched the pony with his whip.

Mary Gray stood at her ironing table as Jessie ran lightly in. She came forward, and took the bright face between her hands, looked into the brown eyes, and kissed the rosy lips. Then, putting Jessie away again, she made her turn slowly, looking at her from head to foot with an admiring gaze. Suddenly she started back with a wild look in her eyes, and a deathly pallor on her cheeks; then, with a low cry, she staggered forward. Jessie sprang to support her, but a stronger arm was outstretched.

"Mother!"

"Rob!"

That was all. Was not that enough?

When the roll of the merry company at Bell Grove was called that night, two voices failed to answer. "Where's Rob and Jessie?" said every body, and nobody could tell.

But in the washerwoman's cottage the candle burned to the socket, and just as the gray dawn stole over the hills, painting the sky with the silver promise of a new day, Robert Gray, holding his mother's hand in one of his own, held out the other to Jessie Cameron, and he said,

"There is something, Jessie, that I meant to have said to you alone to-night, but I will ask the question here. Jessie, my mother has found her son—will you let me give her a daughter in the place of little Jane?"

Jessie did not speak, but her little hand slid softly into his, and he laid it in his mother's.

THE joy of the Christian floats not on the surface, but dwells deep in the recesses of the heart, making holidays there. If Christians do not rejoice, it is because they do not live up to their privileges.

### THE PASSOVER NIGHT.

BY ALICE M. GURNEY.

THERE are emblems of mourning in Egypt's dark homes,  
And from hovel and palace the death-wailing comes;  
There are hearts bleeding sore, 'neath the stroke of the rod  
That has fallen, to tell of the vengeance of God.

It was night's sable noon, and in mystery hung  
The shadows at eventide carelessly flung;  
And brightly the sentinel stars glimmered down  
On the land that Jehovah had cursed with his frown.

There were household bands gathered in safety that night;

By many a fireside the home-hearth was bright;  
There were sweet smiles of welcome, and gay words of cheer,

While tender heart-greetings fell soft on the ear.

There were sounds of wild revelry, light ringing feet,  
While laughter and song made the merry hours fleet;  
There were grandeur and pomp in the monarch's abode,  
For his heart had grown hard in defiance of God.

But the vision is changed! All is darkness and dread,  
And each stricken household now numbers its dead;  
From the heir to the throne in his glory and pride,  
To the son of the laborer kneeling beside.

There are proud manly forms lying breathless and still;  
There are young girlish hearts which no warm life-tides thrill;

There are prattling tones hushed, loving eyes closed in gloom,

And sweet voices, whose echo is lost in the tomb.

And, alas! the wild shriek that the midnight air broke,  
When throughout that wide empire the living awoke;  
For the angel of death, in his merciler flight,  
All the first-born of Egypt had slain in that night.

But wherefore these vials of vengeance outpoured?  
Why this bitter wine-cup of the wrath of the Lord?  
Why this curse of Jehovah, this full tide of woe?  
Why the pride of a nation so quickly laid low?

Egypt's temples are fair, but the groans of the slave  
Wake but heart-rending echoes from chancel and nave;  
Her archways and pillars in beauty are wrought,  
Yet the toilers that reared them like chattels were bought.

But the blood-sprinkled token in safety hath kept  
All the chosen of God while they peacefully slept;  
While no link from love's circle is missing at morn,  
And no heart with unspeakable anguish is torn.

And from Israel's dwellings are borne on the air,  
Not the wail of the mourner, nor sigh of despair;  
'T is the year of the Lord, 't is the Grand Jubilee,  
And the Passover Night hath made Israel free.

THE eye that will not weep another's sorrow,  
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare  
That reddens in the eyeball of the wolf.



## ANALYSIS AND INTUITION.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

IT seems to me that all the minds of earth may be resolved into these two classes: Those who learn every thing by rule—who can not comprehend any thing that is not first reduced to a complete and regular system of rules, squares, and numbers—who only see in the rainbow the prismatic colors reflected from the clouds; in language, certain inflexible forms of speech, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; or in music, certain well-arranged notes, each of which comes up to his mind in the forms of *la, se, do*, much more palpably than in the sounds they represent. On the other hand is the mind that grasps truth and beauty intuitively—which could never enjoy a rose if obliged first to give all its botanical divisions, or a morning cloud, if called upon first to classify it; who can gaze upon the mysterious army of midnight stars and enjoy the glorious array without first dividing them off into separate solar systems; who can look upon a moonlit river and drink in its beauty without asking or thinking why the lovely reflection again reflects her beautiful face in the liquid glass below; and who can see a beautiful face, and enjoy and comprehend by the heart's own mirror all its loveliness, without once analyzing it or dreaming of taking to pieces either feature or expression.

Of this latter class are the poets made. All of loveliness and beauty in nature and humanity are fresh, living draughts to them. They catch beauty as a child catches a butterfly, and imprison it in words or colors, on paper or canvas. Some, it is true, soil the golden wings in the effort, and the attempt is futile, but he has the picture in his mind all the same, and some day, if he grow not weary, he will succeed.

Dr. Holmes *naturally* belongs to this class, but the bent of his mind has been turned, through his New England education, which seeks the *why* of all things; and through his study of the human frame, so much toward the anatomical style that even some of his poems have the savor of dry bones and elixir. Many, indeed, have escaped the blight, and we see the beautiful butterfly arrayed in living colors—the lovely Psyche dressed in more delicious hues than many have ever drawn from the rainbow pallet of life. "The Voiceless" is the embodied voice of a soul whose sad yet sweet tones will ring through kindred souls for ages yet to come. There is nothing like it in our

language. And the "Chambered Nautilus," "Under the Violets," and many other poems show that the soul is too large to be measured by any rules, or compressed into circle, square, or triangle by any geometric process. These words are fit to be imbedded in the amber of immortality:

"For Iris had no mother to unfold her,  
Nor ever leaned upon a sister's shoulder,  
Telling the twilight thoughts that Nature told her.

She had not learned the mystery of awaking  
Those chorded keys that soothe a sorrow's aching,  
Giving the dumb heart voice, that else were breaking.

. . . Well! she longed and knew not wherefore.  
Had the world nothing she might live to care for?  
No second self to say her evening prayer for?"

There is the true portrait of every young and desolate woman's life!

With Mrs. Browning it is always the cry of the soul. Her Psyche is painted to our view in all colors and in every light; in sorrow and in joy; in the fullness of love and the bitterness of despair: the same soul in its chrysalis state and when it soars, lark-like, to the clouds—still at all times and in all places the same loving, warm, woman's soul—taking in love, life, beauty, as the eye takes in a glorious sunset—knowing, feeling all earth's loveliness—analyzing, understanding nothing for the time—content to taste the draught, and to pass on the cup, and never asking by what process it is mixed. This mind is woman's peculiarity. Men think, women feel. "I have no other but a woman's reason. I think him so because—I think him so!" Men arrive at conclusions by logic and reasoning, woman by intuitive comprehension; and in all matters of heart and soul she generally judges best because she does not judge at all. So we think a man must be half woman before he can be all poet.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Soul to soul can never teach  
What unto itself is taught."

Some souls understand more without a teacher than others could be taught in a lifetime. And who shall stand in judgment on another soul? Who shall know the motive-power of another's actions? The simplest thoughts of the simplest child are harder to fathom than the Syriac or Hebraic tongues. No alphabet can spell its words; no numbers can count its thoughts, or hopes, or fears!

And yet when Mrs. Hemans wails out:

"So fade, fade on! thy gift of love shall cling,  
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,

A silent, fruitless, and undying thing,  
 All sensitive to pain.  
 And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall  
 O'er the mind's world—a daily darkening pall.  
 Fold then thy wounded wing and sink subdued  
 In cold and unrepining solitude!"

where is the soul that does not intuitively feel every word? The shadow of every vain dream of life folds itself again about the soul, and though it saddens us, we own the sweet control of a sympathy no lines can ever measure, no language ever teach. And when these shadows weigh the spirit down to earth, and all its heavenly attributes seem departed, we hear our own Longfellow telling "how sublime a thing" it is "to suffer and be strong," and

"The star of the unconquered will—  
 He rises in our breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed!"

And the words come to our sinking hearts as milk to a babe.

Then we take up Whittier's "Eternal Goodness"—dearest of all our poets, and grandest yet simplest of all our poems; and we know by intuition that God is good, and that he will lead us on by a strength we know not of.

"Who fathoms the Eternal thought?  
 Who talks of scheme or plan?  
 The Lord is God! He needeth not  
 The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
 Ye tread with boldness shod,  
 I dare not fix with mete and bound  
 The love and power of God.

Not mine to look when cherubim  
 And seraphs may not see,  
 But nothing can be good in Him  
 Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
 I dare not throw above;  
 I know not of his hate—I know  
 His goodness and his love.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
 To bear an untried pain,  
 The bruised reed he will not break,  
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
 Nor works my faith to prove;  
 I can but give the gifts he gave,  
 And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea  
 I wait the muffled oar;  
 No harm from Him can come to me  
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air;

I only know I can not drift  
 Beyond his love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
 If hopes like these betray,  
 Pray for me that my feet may gain  
 The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
 Thy creatures as they be,  
 Forgive me if too close I lean  
 My human heart on thee!"

All these poets we love so well belong to this intuitive class. The world could not do without them, yet the wheels of the universe could not be worked by them alone. The more systematic and materialistic nature is fully as necessary. A Galileo, a Newton, a Stephenson, a Fulton, a Morse, a Field—all the great inventors and mechanicians belong to the analytic class, and are as necessary to the wellbeing, and thrift, and progress of humanity. These are God's laborers, those his interpreters. And the combined efforts of both, the blending of the useful and the beautiful, are only the working out of his great thought, of which a single soul can see so little. Our visions are too short, our spheres too narrow to comprehend even what we ourselves are accomplishing in the great plan, and the sooner we reach the faith that we are only living the life and doing the work our Father allotted us, and that our sole duty is to do this faithfully, so much the sooner will we comprehend the great mystery of life.

Some time, when the great veil is lifted, we shall be able to see, with undimmed vision, for what purpose this life was lent us, and why some are all imaginative, some all utilitarian. Till then it is better not to ask the wherefore of our work, lest

"In seeking to undo  
 This riddle, and to find the true,  
 We knit a hundred others, new."

All the questionings of all the souls gone before—all the riddles of the great Sphinx, life, resolve themselves at last into one answer, "He doeth all things well." "What is that to thee? follow thou me!" And so the poet and the philosopher, the misanthropist and the optimist, must all decide ere life is worth the living. This constant inquiring, and questioning, and analyzing among the creatures the motives of the Creator, becomes more and more futile, and even silly, the more we look at it. Our Maker knows his creatures surely better than we can ever know ourselves. He gives to each different features, temperaments, organizations; and he does not expect or wish all to act or think alike.

Thou know'st each soul which thou hast made,  
Each dark temptation thou hast weighed;  
Thou know'st what thorns have pierced our feet,  
How long we've wandered in the shade!

Thou know'st what deserts we have trod—  
What weeds have choked our springing sod,  
What clouds have blackened youth's fair sky,  
And made us question, "Is this God?"

Thou know'st what cliffs we've had to climb,  
All rough with rocks and wet with slime;  
What harsh, harsh discords have been rung  
Upon our young life's struggling rhyme.

We claim no praise for any thing;  
But thou who seest a blighted spring,  
Wilt look with pitying tenderness  
Where few and struggling vines may cling.

The heart is weak, but it is thine;  
We are but human; thou 'rt divine;  
And thou, whose very name is love,  
Canst fathom all this secret mine.

So here this blessed Sabbath day,  
Our strength, our weakness—soul and clay,  
We yield to thy unbounded love,  
Which cleanseth every stain away;

Who made us human, not divine;  
Who, what we are, are only thine;  
Who in the river's turbid wave  
Canst see the pearls that, hidden, shine.

We can not know what waves may flood  
The path where long these feet have stood;  
We only know thy hand will guide—  
We only feel that thou art good!

And so we tender back to thee  
Our wills, nor seek to have them free;  
We ask thy hand, and thine alone,  
To guide us o'er life's rolling sea!

#### OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. L. R. RUTNER.

THE present is justly considered a golden age of womanly intellect and influence. Her power is wide-spread in the world of letters, and potent in the urging and deciding of public issues, as well as in the more secluded spheres of social and domestic life. She is debarred from the acquirement of no knowledge, the pursuit of no science however difficult or abstruse. The good, and wise, and learned have become her schoolmasters. Yet, though these increasing advantages have appeared to be met with an answering zeal and enthusiasm, it must be felt by all observant minds that this general standard of feminine culture is not what it ought to be. Indeed, the very number of girls yearly graduated from our various institutions,

together with the rapidity with which they have usually been passed through a prescribed and difficult curriculum, serves to indicate a lamentable want of proficiency in the majority of female students.

The fault is not mainly nor largely with their instructors. The number of endowed colleges open to us is at present limited, and schools conducted as private enterprises being wholly dependent upon public favor for support, are compelled to adopt the popular standard of requirement. The principal of a most flourishing and influential school lately remarked to me, that the greatest difficulty with which he had to contend in maintaining the grade of his institution, was an overweening desire on the part of both parents and pupils for hasty graduation. "And," said he, "to this desire I am too frequently compelled to yield even at the expense of thoroughness; if I do not my school loses in numbers and goes down." So great a reluctance has been shown by pupils to entering upon the more difficult branches of study, that in most instances it has been found necessary either to make their pursuit optional, or to be content with the most shallow proficiency. There is a manifest want of interested, ambitious application, looking beyond the emulation of ordinary class recitals. The same difficulty, it is true, exists among students of the other sex, but to a far less formidable degree.

At what door shall the blame be laid? One source of difficulty has already been named—the acquiescence of parents in a desire for the hasty completion of studies. It is true the approval and even urging of this is often justified by strong reasons. The improper and unhealthy regime of diet, study, and exercise, commonly followed in boarding-schools for girls, has too frequently proved ruinous to the after health and usefulness of those subjected to it; though the growing favor with which athletic sports and games are being introduced does much to remove this objection. Another excuse still is found in the inconvenience often felt in sparing daughters from domestic services, and in the fear of incompetency and acquired distaste for home duties. We would not see domestic tastes, nor health, nor filial obligations slighted. Let the daughter have a shorter term at school rather than the mother's health impaired by too heavy cares, or her own by undue confinement; but let her completely acquire what branches she may undertake, and not be hurried confusedly and unprofitably through an extensive course of study in a limited time. A little well learned is much better than a smattering of many things. With proper at-

tention domestic tastes and household accomplishments can be easily cultivated during the seasons spent at home, and after the relinquishment of school duties.

But the most trivial reasons are often considered sufficient for the neglect of mental training: a fond and selfish unwillingness to lose the society of children, a fancied need of their assistance, or a desire for their early debut into fashionable life, and frequently too compassionate an ear is lent to unfounded or exaggerated complaints of hardship. On the tables and book-shelves of almost any family where a daughter has been set in the domestic circle, may be found between the covers of weak, if not vicious publications, influences that lower her high ideal of mental excellence, deaden the springing vitality of her mind, stifle its natural aspirations toward lofty thought, and weaken its powers of memory and concentration.

Says Ruskin, "If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that, of the two, the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects, and that her range of literature should be not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural quickness and poignancy of wit." A rule the exact reverse of this is habitually observed. Your son enters the shop, the salesroom, or college halls, his breast aglow with the memory of successful men. He has before him an ideal of colossal manhood, toward which he hopes to grow from boyish stature. He is an enthusiastic worshiper of all manly virtues, and with them all in the glorious concrete invests his ideal, and the glory of it consists in no small degree to him in the difficulties through which it is to be realized. No exploit was ever valiant but as it was dangerous, no achievement ever great but as it was hard. Success any where in life is much in proportion as a man holds fealty to this royal creation of prophetic youth; and even though he forsake his allegiance, it ever after continues a clamor for its first place and precedence, and late as the eleventh hour may prevail to raise him from intellectual sloth, or even moral degradation, to some degree of likeness with itself.

No such ideal is implanted in the soul of your daughter. Instead of having set up in her heart for her incitement and emulation the images of those who have blessed and adorned her sex, their very names are too often strange to her; her mind, instead of being stored with the maxims of large experience and useful liv-

ing, is occupied mainly with longings for gay society, and filled with the pernicious excitants of Godey and Bonner; its craving is for them, and when placed where they can not be lawfully procured, she resorts to stratagem to obtain them. The solidities of her text-books are distasteful; the effort required for their thorough mastery almost impossible; she is unfitted for, and indeed often rendered incapable of studious profitable application.

We do not think we exaggerate; the deplorable influence of that sort of reading known to be pursued by young women generally, can scarcely be exaggerated. The magnitude of the evil has, we imagine, escaped attention. Let any thoughtful parent devote an hour to the inspection of the trash provided as the regular mental aliment of his daughter, and he can not fail to perceive the truth of what we have said. The work department of a fashionable "Ladies' Book" is often of value; but why not associate with a woman's daily tasks and lighter labors at the needle the noble pleasures of just and vigorous thought? Why degrade her needful and legitimate duties by placing a repertory of instruction for their proper fulfillment, beside such nonsense as makes up the bulk of ladies' magazines? Yet these, though frequent in grammatical errors, nurturing a weak sentimentality, and inculcating false ideas of life, are a degree less obnoxious to truth and purity than the New York Ledger and other sheets of its ilk, even as sanctioned by the Rev. Mr. Beecher. The boasted circulation of this and similar publications is well known, as is also the immense reproduction and sale of such serials in book form. Out on American fathers and mothers, that such things are perpetuated through their patronage!

A young lady shortly since remarked in my hearing, that she had read sixteen novels during the previous Winter, and upon inquiry I found that most of the boasted sixteen were of this sort, and not one of standard authorship. Hers, perhaps, is an unusual instance of excess, though we fear it is not. Too many of our young ladies give all the time at their command to such reading. Even "highly moral" it may be, but stupefying to the susceptible mind of girlhood as the inhaled opiate of the midnight burglar, and robbing her while she sleeps of her best intellectual gifts.

But could the poison be staid here, did it work no further evil than the deadening of mental energy, and the relative displacement of the interests of life, we would have less cause of regret.

The premature womanliness of American girls



is matter of frequent comment. How seldom do we witness the fair blossom of innocent girlhood sweetly unfolding, leaf by leaf, to the full bloom of womanly consciousness! Our children of from twelve to fifteen are for the most part already women—unabashed and self-possessed in society, acquainted with the most sacred mysteries of mature life, and regarding them with an ardent curiosity, appalling to see in the place of early maiden innocence and candor. At fifteen most girls have come to think of marriage as a near and much-to-be-desired event, associating with it not the solemn importance of a grave and lasting compact, but all the romance of "amorous sighs," "burning glances," and "vows of eternal fidelity," with "stolen walks," "cruel confinement," and a rope ladder, if parental disapproval should "necessitate" such a measure. Here is the fruitful source of early and unhappy marriages; the explanation of much in social life that fills our hearts with sorrow, fear, and astonishment. This is why we are met on every side by indisputable signs of a prevailing atmosphere of impurity; why the annals of criminality exhibit, not the names of the brutish and untaught alone, but the names of our fairest wives and daughters.

We do not think we have been unjust in so assigning the cause of these things, and if we can but succeed in directing attention to this baleful evil that, like an undetected virus, courses through the veins of society, we shall do well. We do not wish to inveigh indiscriminately against all fictitious reading whatever. There are many books of fiction which embody the truest, most earnest maxims of life in true and earnest characters, pleasant and profitable to know. And the judicious parent will find painstaking needful in selecting even from these what is best for his child, though too strict a surveillance in this regard is not to be commended. It is not within the scope of our design to suggest what shall be read. There are various treatises on the subject, but we especially recommend Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens" to any who may wish for guidance in this respect.

But let weak and unelevating literature be proscribed in our family circles. Let not the names and exploits of fictitious coquettes, and courtesan heroines, be more familiar than the memories and fragrant deeds of women whose crown of glory it is that their children and the world arise to call them blessed. Let essential truthfulness and purity of thought and expression be sought as the most precious endowment, and the surest protection against contamination. Let strong and healthful mo-

tives give vigor and nobleness to early efforts. Let it be appreciated that place and show are not the necessary concomitants of happiness; that a useful, generous, well-regulated life is an object of ambition more beautiful, more illustrious, and of richer reward than any other. Let these things be inculcated by books, by precept, and by parental example, till they become fixed and controlling principles, and the American woman of the next generation shall be like the king's daughter, "all glorious within," well fit to cultivate and guard the "Queen's Gardens" of the prose poet, fair gardens of young souls and tender plants of human life, that bloom to joy or sorrow, good or evil, as she directs.

### FRAGMENTS.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

#### LIFE BEYOND THE TOMB.

LIVING in a world where the sad memorials of death are ever passing and repassing before the eye, how welcome to the heart is the inspiring thought of life beyond the tomb! Torn from us as are the loved, beautiful, and pious, and borne away to the quiet slumber of the grave, how overwhelming would be our grief, and how inconsolable our sorrow, if, in the hour of bereavement, we had not the assurance of a sublime and lofty faith that the spark of sentient existence goes not out in death, and that immortality lives, and blooms, and triumphs beyond the grave! We are not left, reader, in darkness and uncertainty upon this vital point. A ray of heaven's own light has dawned upon the mind in reference to its hereafter. "Life and immortality have been brought to light through the Gospel." Revelation lifts the curtain of mystery from the shadowy vale of death, and announces endlessness of being as the great and glorious destiny of humanity. We are born to a higher and nobler life; and to attain the real majesty and moral grandeur of that life, we must die. We die to live forever.

"Death is the crown of life!

It wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!  
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,  
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.  
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;  
The King of Terrors is the prince of peace."

#### MEMORY AS A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

There is treasured wealth in every good man's memory. Living in the world to promote with his best powers the happiness and welfare of his fellows, he has in himself all the elements

of spiritual enjoyment. How it pays such a character to remember he has had a heart-life in the world; and that others are now all the happier on account of his warm sympathies and kindly offices in the past! Compared to what he holds in the resources of his memory, the jeweled crowns of royalty, the splendid triumphs of military chieftainship, or the lauded fame and wisdom of the worldly great, are but as so many feathers in the balance. What are these compared to a man's peace and inward quiet? How little is a crown, or glory, or power, or wealth worth to him upon whose soul there is the dark stain of guilt? and against whose peace memory and conscience are drawn swords? In vain did Macbeth inquire of the man of the healing art in reference to her who had murdered the noble Duncan, and whose soul was wrung in consequence with agony and remorse:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?"

#### THE SLANDERER.

The most despicable of all characters is the slanderer. Falsehood, malice, theft, and cowardice all unite in producing this monster incarnate. In order to wrest the diadem from the brow of virtuous merit, he needs to wrap up himself in the investiture of night. Not unfrequently under the guise of friendship does he covertly aim a blow at the purity and manly excellence which stamp by comparison his own conscious villainy. He dare not assume the responsibility of open opposition; but must needs strike, coward-like, in the dark, as the serpent bites in the grass. When most a friend in profession, then in reality is he most a fiend. His love is that of Iago to Othello—ruin! Pope throws the true character of the dastardly slanderer upon the canvas when he says concerning his method in doing his work:

"He damns with faint praise, assents with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teaches the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hints a fault and hesitates dislike."

But the real man will have enemies. The graces and virtues which adorn his character, and which put him outside of "the roll of common men," are in themselves a silent rebuke to the ignoble and vulgar herd; and that which can not be imitated will be most surely introduced by them. So it has always been, and so is it now. These human cormorants follow in

the wake of manly excellence and virtuous merit,

"As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow  
That is new trimmed; but benefit  
No farther than vainly longing."

#### ONE THING NEEDFUL.

All the interests and hopes of humanity center in but "one thing"—the religion of the Crucified. To man this is emphatically the philosopher's stone, converting every thing else into pure gold. Away from all the ends, duties, and happiness of life, are all who have not "the one thing needful," the true spiritual alchemy. A distorted and inharmonious thing is that life which has not its fastenings on the skies. The human heart must have a resting-place; and where but in God and religion can it be found? Have you found repose for your soul, reader? If not, seek it in the religion of Jesus. Lacking this "one thing," don't forget that you really lack every thing essential to your welfare and safety.

#### MISSIONS.

BY MERIBA A. BARCOCK.

THRICE gifted he, and blessed above his kind,  
Whose name resounds with praise throughout the land,  
As from the glittering casket of his mind  
He scatters jewels with a lavish hand.

Thrice honored he, and blessed in all his store,  
Who hears the cry of want throughout the land,  
And from his golden coffers running o'er  
Dispenses bounties with a princely hand.

But honored, lauded, blessed above them all,  
Is he who lists the cry throughout the land  
Of broken, bleeding hearts, whose cups of gall  
O'er-brim by Sorrow's unrelenting hand—

Tired, aching hearts that seek, but all in vain,  
Some gleam of comfort and of peace to find  
In that which least of all can soothe their pain,  
The coruscations of a brilliant mind.

But, O! the healing words that Kindness breathes  
That Pity dictates in her soothing strain;  
They fall as rain-drops fall on drooping leaves,  
To cheer them into life and strength again.

If e'er I've made one sinking heart more light,  
If e'er I've wiped one scalding tear away  
From cheeks whereon the rose had faded quite,  
From eyes where hope beamed forth no gentle ray

Then has my life-task been not wholly vain,  
Then is the need I sought securely won,  
And when my own sad heart shall cease its pain  
I'll hear the plaudit, "Thou hast nobly done."

## The Children's Repository.

### THE SEED FAMILY.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

THE little roots and rootlets had been working as busy as bees all the long, bright days and the short, dark nights. While other workers were sound asleep they toiled on as gleefully as ever. Work was play to them. But now the goal was reached. They had accomplished the task they had been set to do. The ripe seeds had been perfected, and many of them had nothing left but to shrivel away and die. But mother Earth had provided bountifully for their reproduction when another Springtime came around, and all the roots that still lived on had nourished thousands of seeds to scatter far and wide over the land.

"The woods are thick enough here," said the maple. "There is not half the room and food I want to expand myself as I might. So it is of no use for my precious seedlings to drop down into the soil at my feet. Then spread out your silken wings, my darlings, and improve this breezy day to scatter yourselves as far as you can."

The little seeds obeyed their mother's voice, and gayly joined hands with the laughing breezes. So they were wafted and tossed to and fro, till at last, quite wearied out, every one settled down for a quiet nap, ready, if it was their mission, to hide their heads in the dust for a season, and gather all their forces for a new and beautiful life.

Along by the roadside grew hosts of Thistles and Dandelions, who had seemed all Summer to be growing for a prize. Certainly they had resolved to make the most of themselves, you would have said, had you looked out on the little fleet of white-winged seeds they had prepared to sail off on the morning breeze. Woe to the unthrifty farmer who had not taken pains to mow the weeds by his roadside, as well as in his field! It was too late now. The mischief-makers were all ready to start on their journey, and miles were nothing to such fleet-winged fairies. Now, Mrs. Dandelion shook herself, and Madam Thistle heaved a deep sigh, and away flew the feathery crowd, rising higher and higher in the air, till half of them were lost to sight. A merry flock went scudding along quite low, tripping in under the gardener's

fast-closed gate, and nestling down in the heart of his richest flower-beds. But little good would their cozy nest do them; for let so much as the crown of their head peep up from under the mold, and sharp-eyed Donald would nip it in a twinkling. No quarter was given to weeds in his domains.

More happy were their many sisters, who flirted out on to the ill-kept common; for there no one would be apt to disturb them, unless perchance they might fall a prey to some grazing cow who had strayed out of her pasture. I do not know that any animal would interfere with the Thistle family except old Dobbin, and he could not take a contract for keeping down all the Thistles in the country-side.

Now, in a little tuft of clover by the roadside was an obscure little weed, which looked on with much envy at its light-winged neighbors as they soared away so airily.

"I must drop down and die in this lonesome corner, and never see any thing of the great world beyond," it murmured. "There are enough of us Spanish Needles and these Grass-Burr cousins of mine in this neighborhood now. How I wish I had wings too, and could start on such a journey!"

"Do not complain," said his kind mother; "but improve the advantages you have. Those little hooked claws of yours will serve you in place of wings. Now keep a sharp look-out, my dears, and when an old cow or sheep comes this way, hook on to her, and hold fast. You'll get a fine ride by the means, and will be able to make a new home for yourself. You will find the long, trailing skirts of ladies a capital means of transportation. Little Grass-Burr, lying so meek there in the weeds, is only biding his time, I see, to start on his travels."

So the little Burrs and Needles laughed in their sleeves at the game they were about to play; and they were not forced to wait long. A fine city lady, who was out in the morning early, to take her farewell view of the country, afforded them a grand opportunity of quitting their retired homes. So many little points and fringes, such yards on yards of skirt-braid to cling to! Wherever there was a chance the meddlesome little family caught fast hold and clung on in the highest glee. No shaking could make them loose their grasp; and I am afraid my lady's temper was ruffled, as well as her skirts, when she reached home and began the serious business of detaching the little intruders. They were well content, though; for as fast as she picked them off she threw them out of the window, where they fell under the shadow of a beautiful rose-bush. Prudent

Hetty would have cut short their career by putting them into the hot stove, if they had fallen into her hands; but Mrs. M'Intosh was not much accustomed to country ways.

And so through all the great family, each had its own way provided for perpetuating its kind, and had done the same ever since the command went forth, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth."

Some of the hardier kinds cast themselves on the mercy of the waves, and, after much tossing about, were thrown upon other shores. In tropical islands the cocoa-nut and the cashew-nut are often washed upon new coral islands, where they are retained in some recess till enough earth has washed above them to furnish them with food. So, in process of time, the stately palm-tree rises above what had once been a cheerless waste. Many a nut from the chestnut, hickory, and beech is stored away in the earth by the industrious squirrel, which he never comes back to eat or take to his granary. And this accounts for little nut-trees springing up in many places far from the parent tree.

The mistletoe, which feeds upon aged trees, and strikes down into the generous earth no root of its own, has a bright sweet berry, with a viscous pulp, on which the birds love to feed. As they fly away to some tree-branch to enjoy the luxury, what could be more natural, after eating such sticky food, than to use the bark of the tree for a table napkin? And so the little parasite's seeds are deposited in just the place where they are designed to grow.

The wonders of God's works grow deeper and wider the more we study them. A naturalist spent several years in studying the structure of a single insect, and then was obliged to leave the work unfinished. "Who by searching can find out the Almighty to perfection," or even the simplest of his works?

If God so cares for every little weed that grows as to provide so curiously for its preservation, let us never fear that he will forget us or withdraw his loving-kindness from us.

#### MODESTY.

MODESTY among boys and girls is as highly appreciated as among grown people; and a young person who ventures to think himself a little better than his associates can hardly help carrying the thought into action. By such conduct he makes himself exceedingly disagreeable.

#### LITTLE MARY.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

THE afternoon sun was sending lengthening, cool shadows from the trees overhead upon the village church-yard, with its grass-covered graves, longer or shorter as they were, some marked by white slabs at the head and feet of the sleepers below, others were bordered with low hedges of evergreen, or roses blossomed and then silently cast away their delicate petals over the graves of the young and innocent, who had blossomed, faded, and died like the flowers.

Two children, who had been drawn to the spot by idle curiosity, wandered from grave to grave, stumbling over some that were unmarked, old, or neglected, and reading the various inscriptions written on the stones. An old, bent man, with white hair, was sitting near a child's grave, listening quietly to the children as they came near.

"Little Mary," read Lucy to her brother. These two words contained the whole inscription.

"Little Mary," repeated her brother; "I wonder who 'little Mary' was, and why they didn't say more. The grave doesn't look so very little; does it, Lucy? Little Mary," continued the boy, looking earnestly at the grave by his side.

"Would you like to know more of little Mary than the white marble tells you?" asked the old man. "Well, sit down here on the grass by my side;" and as the children sat down, the old man continued:

"It does not seem so very long ago since I saw my Mary running about laughing, talking, and playing as you do now; but it was a great many years ago, before my hair was as white as that tombstone; and little Mary, if she were living now, might perhaps be a gray-haired woman. But I must tell you how she died. When she was about nine years old, she came to me one day begging that she might join the Sabbath school. I cared nothing for the Church or religion, but loved my little girl dearly, and gave my consent; and she very soon became very fond of her school and teacher, who soon grew to love her. She was loved wherever she went; and I do not wonder. Sunday after Sunday she went faithfully to her school, and afterward to Church, and every week seemed to love it better and better. She would come and climb on my knee and repeat her lessons to me; and to please little Mary I listened—for nothing else; for little I cared then for Church or preacher.

"One Sunday her pastor was not at Church.



We heard that he was ill; and that afternoon, and early the next morning, and every day for nearly a week, my little girl stole out to visit her friend, filling her little basket with flowers or fruit, and reading from her Bible, when she came home, different chapters that he marked for her; for he, too, loved Mary, and would welcome her coming, and never allow her to be sent away.

"But one morning she found the door closed against her; for the doctor said that a fearful contagious disease had seized him, and no person must come near him. There was only one person who cared to go there, I believe, and that one was Mary; and though she was quiet and obedient at home, when she was forbidden to see her friend, when even his name was mentioned, she said nothing, but big tears filled her eyes. When we heard that the sick man was daily growing worse, and there was no hope of life, then Mary begged that she might see him once more. But that could not be, though all his friends had forsaken him to die alone, with no companion but his wife. He did not linger long. An old sailor wrapped his body in a sheet, and putting it in a common cart, the pastor, with no other attendant, was hurried to his grave. It was a sad day, but saddest to me; for Mary was lying on her sick-bed, attacked by the same dreadful disease, and she raised her head when she heard the cart as it passed on its way to the grave, and without a tear, with no childish horror or fear, she said:

"I shall soon meet him in heaven. I know we shall sing there together with the beautiful angels."

"We were thankful that she did not linger long in suffering. Her prediction was true; for in a few days she had passed away in perfect confidence of meeting her friends in heaven; and her little coffin was followed only by her father and the kind, courageous sailor, to this place. Dust has long ago returned to dust, but her spirit is with her God who gave it.

"For a long time I could not come here. All the world seemed so changed to me after she left; but now I love to sit just here in this quiet spot and watch the flowers that have been planted over her grave. Their beauty reminds me of her short, sweet life; but while they blossom and pass away to everlasting decay, I know that little Mary has gone to an eternal life of joy, and where I hope to meet her soon. I want to be buried just here by her side, and some day, if you should see here a longer grave, you may know that I am with my little Mary."

The old man rose and slowly walked away, while the two children followed silently, care-

fully avoiding stepping on the grass-covered graves, with their hearts filled with the story of "Little Mary."

### THREE BEAUTIFUL DEEDS.

ONE lovely Spring morning an Eastern prince sat in his little rustic house in the middle of his grounds, and was engaged in friendly conversation with one of his noblest subjects.

Suddenly a body of soldiers brought to his presence a man whose feet and hands were chained. The poor prisoner was accused of a great crime. The whole affair was told to the prince, and soon the pleasant expression of his face vanished. He looked very sorrowful, and, turning to his friend, said:

"This man is very wicked; he has done an awful deed. How it pains me to see that one of my subjects could be guilty of such a great crime!"

Then, addressing the rough soldiers, who held great sabers in their hands, he said:

"Go and cast the guilty man into prison, and to-morrow he shall certainly die."

Sala, who was the friend of the prince, sighed deeply, and, after talking awhile, went off to his own home. He sat down to talk, but could think of nothing but the prisoner. He lay down to sleep, but could not forget the man lying chained in a dungeon. He arose again from his bed, and went at midnight to see the stranger who was in prison.

"Where were you born?" said he to the wretched-looking culprit.

"I was born," replied he, weeping bitterly, "in Damascus. There I left a peaceful home, a dear wife, and affectionate children."

"Heaven bless Damascus!" said Sala; "for there lives the man who saved my life."

"What! in Damascus?" asked the prisoner. "Tell me, my kind friend, how it happened."

Then Sala said: "Some years ago the prince discharged the governor of the city, and appointed me in his place. My journey to the city was long and dangerous; but finally I reached Damascus, and took possession of it in the name of my prince. But on the first night there was a disturbance in the palace and all over the city. The inhabitants had a riot, which was concocted and managed by the former governor. Many soldiers were with him, and I began to fear that the palace would be burned down, and that I would be destroyed. The soldiers drew their sabers, and rushed through the halls and found my bedroom. I thought that I would be instantly killed. But

I succeeded in finding a secret passage, and at last escaped from the palace in disguise. I ran into another part of the city to get away from all danger, but did not know what moment I might be killed. A kind man saw how frightened I was, and took me into his house. He kept me there four weeks. I was very anxious to get home as soon as possible, so that I might see my dear family again. My good friend saw how destitute I was, and heard me speak of my disposition to get home once more. He gave me all the money I wanted, and then said to me, 'Farewell, and may the Lord bless you on your journey! Here is my swiftest horse, and here are two faithful attendants, who will see you safe home.' He then kindly embraced me, and I took my departure. I reached my home in safety, and there I have lived ever since; but I shall never forget the man who saved my life."

The stranger then took something from his pocket, and looking up into Sala's face, said: "Do you remember this? Do you know me? This locket you gave me when we parted in Damascus. It is your own picture."

In a moment Sala recognized him as the man who preserved him. He fell on his neck, and kissed him many times, and said:

"Thank God that I see you once more! The desire I have long had is now fulfilled. I behold my dear and noble benefactor. Is it possible? or am I not dreaming?"

After further conversation, Sala, looking at the prisoner's chains, said:

"Do tell me how you came into this wretched condition."

The prisoner replied:

"I am innocent of the crime they charge me with. Wicked and envious men have beheld my prosperity, and bent themselves on my ruin. They have torn me away from my wife and dear children. But I can not now be saved. As I am very soon to die, please bear my last farewell to my dear ones at home in Damascus."

"You, my friend," exclaimed Sala, "shall not die. No; I would sooner die myself."

Sala then rushed out of the prison, and came back an hour and a half later.

"Here," said he to the prisoner, "is a fleet horse, my silver spurs, and my farewell kiss. Flee for your life! The prince will be very angry when he knows you have escaped. But never mind: I will die in your stead."

"Noble Sala," replied the prisoner, "you shall not die for me. I am not afraid to die, because I am innocent. If you will do as I ask you, it is all I could wish. Go to the prince, and prove that I am innocent."

"No, my friend," said Sala, "he will not believe me. My life is dear to me; but yours is far dearer. Hasten away! Hasten for your life!"

But still the prisoner refused to go. When the day broke Sala went to see the prince. He told him all the facts just as the prisoner had related them to him. The prince was very angry, and declared that Sala had no business in the prison at all. He said that the prisoner must die; but Sala told him that every good prince was just with his subjects. He fell at his feet, and pleaded earnestly for the prisoner. At last the power of truth and righteousness prevailed. The prince said that for Sala's sake the prisoner might go free.

Sala then hastened off to the prison, and told the poor culprit all that had occurred. On the afternoon of that day, Sala and the prisoner walked slowly through the palace grounds, and were admitted to the audience-chamber of the prince. After the first few words of conversation had been spoken, the prince said to the prisoner:

"To Sala and to me you owe your freedom. I have ordered costly clothing, many horses and camels, and a large purse of money. Go to your home in peace and safety."

Now, children, can you tell me what are the three beautiful deeds? You answer, "Yes," I am sure. Well, now tell me who has done more for his enemies than those men did for their friends. Our blessed Savior. He died in our stead. Through his death we are delivered from the sentence of eternal ruin, pronounced against us. Then, while he says to us, "I have obtained your freedom, I have died on Calvary for you," you must not stay in the dark cell any longer, but go out into the bright sunlight of God's favor, enter by prayer into his audience-room, and he will give you richer presents, and bring you to a better home than this world has ever possessed.

#### "WHERE 'S THOSE NEEDLES?"

A LITTLE Massachusetts boy was one day playing with some knitting-needles, when he was about two years old. His mother passed through the room, and said to him: "You must not lose those: they are not your needles, they are mine." As she left the room, she heard the little boy saying to himself: "No, I must n't lose those needles; they're not my needles. If I should lose them I should be despised; and when I grow up to be a man, people will look at me and say: 'Where's those needles?'"

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### The Family Circle.

**MARRIAGE AND THE SABBATH.**—Vestiges of Eden are rare; yet two institutions have survived the wreck and have come down to us, witnesses of that happy and perfect condition in which they originated. These are the marriage relation and the Sabbath. As the bunch of grapes from Eshcol was a visible testimony to Israel of the fertility of Canaan, so do these divine appointments remind us of the felicity of paradise.

The marriage bond lies at the foundation of domestic happiness, is the source of home joys and pure affections, without which the world would be far more blank, and miserable, and wicked than it is. Paradise lingers with us in a measure in the sweet and sacred relations of the family.

The other memorial of Eden is the Sabbath—God's reservation to himself of a share of the time measured out to men by the celestial clock-work—the motions of those heavenly bodies which are for times, and for seasons, and for days, and for years. And while the hallowing of one day in seven was an assertion of God's right and authority, and a memorial of his creative work, it was, at the same time, a rich benefaction conferred upon mankind. With what surpassing loveliness must that first Sabbath have been invested! With what splendor must the sun have issued forth as a bridegroom from the chambers of the east, and how must the primeval earth have rejoiced in his radiance! The rivers and lakes reflect his gladdening beams; the bright-hued flowers open their petals; the birds make the groves echo with their sweet melodies; and the parents of our race, untainted by thought or breath of sin, bow down in loving adoration and glorify their beneficent Parent. No jar or discord mars the full harmony; no sound of strife or wailing; no groan or shriek, nor sob, nor curse vexes the air, but one grand, thrilling, universal chorus of praise and love ascends to the King eternal, immortal, invisible. And even now, what is so redolent of paradise as the calm, bright Sabbath morn, when Nature has just put on her robes of vernal beauty, and the busy world, hushed and peaceful, enjoys a bright respite from care and toil?—*Bishop Lee, of Delaware.*

**OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.**—How many husbands treat their wives with constant and tender care for their happiness? How many who do not make it unpleasant for their wives to ask for money? How many who do not shrug their shoulders when a trip to the sea-shore and mountain is mentioned? How many who do not return from their business at night, cross and disagreeable? How many husbands who spring to their feet when there is an opportunity to save a step

for the wife? How many who seek daily and hourly to add to the happiness of the one whose happiness they have declared to be so essential to their own? How many who do not begrudge the expense of servants, who think to take home the little appliances that can make a housewife's work light, who plan for recreations and amusements, who praise the taste and care which make for them so attractive a home? How many husbands could pass the test of interrogatories like these?

The fact is, six men out of ten treat their wives most shamefully. Instead of that tenderness for her which marked the first burst of their interest, they are apt to be sour, petulant, and imperious. They make little else than slaves of their wives. They compel them to ask for money; they feel they must frown down every plan for pleasure, and, least of all, ever think to speak in praise of that which the wife has done for their happiness. The lives of most husbands are one long train of grumbling and fault-finding. They are blind to the happiness of the one whose life is to them a never-failing joy and inspiration. In many cases they are more courteous and pleasant to the wives of their neighbors than to their own.

There never was a man who did too much for the happiness of woman, and never did a man devote his thought and care to the taste of a true woman who did not reap a rich harvest in return. It is because wives are slighted and neglected that homes are so unpleasant. Women lose all heart and drag out sad and unpleasant lives. Men who promised all sorts of good things, turn upon their reiterated vows and crush the hope and heart of a life that might be to them a never-failing source of joy.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

**EVILS OF GOSSIP.**—I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry-rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, only because of this; love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and a son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features

of black malevolence, all because of the spell-words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woeful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence works they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.—*All the Year Round*.

**DUTIES OF PARENTS.**—Parents should understand the little joys and griefs of their children. They should sympathize with them in their sorrows, and hopefully encourage their hearts when they see them despondent. They should not allow their young and tender minds to be harassed with fears, or other excitable subjects, as this is very injurious to their mental and physical health, and often leads unexpectedly to an early death.

They should not censure them when they make mistakes, or fail to accomplish their object at the first trial; but teach them to be patient and persevering, and to try again, and again, if need be, till success crowns their efforts.

When very young, they should be taught to do things thoroughly and orderly, but should not be compelled by the whip to labor too hard for their years. Children need rest, active and healthful play, sometimes, to make them healthy and cheerful. But they should not throw stones or snow balls, or do any thing mischievous or injurious to others.

Such things as children need to know when they grow to be men and women, need to be taught in a pleasant, patient manner than otherwise.

Tender-hearted children require a great deal of sympathy, and they will not grow to be healthful men and women without it. When it is the parents' duty to deny children's requests—as it frequently is their duty—do it without making the denial unpleasant. Give them reasons, or tell them when they grow older they will see cause to thank you for not granting their requests.

When quite young, teach your children to reason, and act from principles of justice to all, however lowly. Take good care of the health of body and mind, and teach them to shun all bad habits, and in future years they will arise up to call you blessed, and protect and aid you in age or helplessness.

**EMERSON ON "THE BABY."**—Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred, in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The smallest despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins

more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon, sputters and spurns, and puts on his face of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks and thread-spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Paladin. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound; but chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier means of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character, uncles, aunts, cousins, granddames, grandsires—all fall an easy prey. He conforms to nobody; all conform to him. All caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads.

**AN ITEM WHICH EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.**—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word, heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female, has been magnified by malicious minds till the cloud has been dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of ladies, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, till its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unimbittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

**DO N'T HAVE ANY CONFIDENTS.**—Beware of intrusting any individual with small annoyances between your husband and yourself. Many seek to gain an ascendancy in families by winning the good opinion of young married women. Should any one presume to offer you advice with regard to your husband, or seek to lessen him by insinuations, shun that person as you would a serpent. Many a happy home has been rendered desolate by exciting coolness, or suspicion, or by endeavors to gain importance in an artful and insidious manner.



## WITTY AND WISE.

**SPICY.**—There was a knot of sea-captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain —, of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper took up a handful of it.

"What do you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper; "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there is n't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion that there was n't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scouping up a handful; "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "p-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel. "If it is n't half p's then I'm no judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.

**DID N'T KNOW HIS HOME.**—Thompson and Rogers, two married bucks of New York, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanting.

"Madam!" inquired Mr. T., "is n't this Mr. T. Thompson's house?"

"No," replied the lady, "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers."

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T. Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door and pick out Rogers, T. Thompson wants to go home."

**NOT A REVEREND.**—On one occasion a good lady had Charles Lamb for a guest at dinner, with several other literary characters. His white neck-tie and serious countenance caused his hostess to imagine that he was a very devout man. So when the guests were seated at the table she said:

"Mr. Lamb, will you say grace?"

Lamb trembled, and looked around at the guests.

"Is there no c-c-clergyman present?" he asked.

"None, I believe," replied the lady.

"L-l let us thank God, then," was the meek response as Lamb bowed reverently over his plate.

**ECHOES.**—A little girl, not six years of age, screamed out to her little brother, who was playing in the mud, "Bob, you good-for-nothing rascal, come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend. Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this manner of speaking to children.

"Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning. that's all."

**THE DOCTOR.**—A certain doctor when called to attend children, no matter what might be the symptoms, always prescribed for one and the same malady—*worms*. Being summoned one day to the bedside of a little boy, he gravely sat down, and, having felt the patient's pulse, looked gravely through his spectacles, and said to the mother in a solemn tone, "Worms." To which the mother responded, "I tell ye, doctor, that boy ha' n't got a single worm. He stumbled over a stick o' wood and broke his leg, and I want you to set it quick." The doctor, not at all nonplused, but still determined to vindicate his theory, put on a very solemn look as he said, "Worms, madam, I assure you—*worms in the wood*."

**ANOTHER DOCTOR.**—The patient of a "root and herb" medicine man got the following prescription from him for a bad cold: "Putcher feet in hot wotter, gotobed and drink a pint of loot." The patient brought the enigma to us in despair. "I can make out the first part well enough," he said. "Put your feet in hot water, go to bed, and drink a pint—that is plain enough. But what is loot?" We were embarrassed at first, but a happy inspiration struck me. L—o—o—t, ell—double o—tee, elder-blow tea. And that turned out to be the explanation.

**THE LAWYER.**—A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand pounds unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe, scrutinizing face, and exclaimed with much self-complacency:

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand pounds."

The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed:

"The lawyers got that!"

The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counselor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

**A GOOD PROFESSION.**—It was customary for a certain college professor to inquire of the graduating class what each proposed to be or to do in the world. One would be a doctor, one a lawyer, one a merchant, and so on. "And what do you propose to be, Simon?" "I am going to be a Pithecopal minister," was the answer of the lisping graduate, "for three reasons: First, the prayers are all in print, and I can read them easily; second, the sermons of Pithecopal ministers are short, and them I can steal; and, third, Pithecopal ministers generally marry rich wives."

**LIGHTLY DRESSED.**—A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as cobweb, she exclaimed:

"What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really do n't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on another breast-pin!"

**CONSIDERATE.**—A son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the praties, as he was fresher than the poor baste."

## Scripture Cabinet.

**PURITY OF INTENTION.**—We should never rise from our knees in the morning till in our secret prayers we have earnestly asked God to keep through the day our intention pure. If our miserable self-seeking, our vanity, our low aims are to be corrected or cast out, it must be under the direct teaching and aiding of God the Holy Ghost; and that teaching and aid will be given to us if we thus earnestly seek it. Thus shall we be beforehand with the enemy when he comes with his foul breath of temptation to whisper his poisonous suggestions in our ears. He will find us preoccupied by the thought of God, to whose direct glory we have solemnly devoted all the day. But then beyond this, through the day we must often, even in the midst of our busiest occupations, renew this offering of all we do or design to His glory. As much as possible we should pause before we begin any new occupation, and in secret prayer, shot up like an arrow to Him, pray Him to purify our intention in beginning it, and to accept what we offer. We must live more and more in secret intercourse and direct communion with him; we must often retire, at least in thought and aspiration, from business, pleasure, nay, even from outward service itself, into the sacred shrine of his presence; in that presence the most subtle delusions of the tempter stand exposed to our gaze. We see the emptiness of all the rewards of this world and its prince; his enchantments fade away; the bewitching countenance of seeming beauty turns under the light of that eye into the hollowness and corruption of the grave; we see the worm in its loathsomeness where all looked but now enticing; and we hear the soft sounds of flattery turn into the malignant execrations of the pit.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

**THE POWER OF PRAYER.**—The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we have or can have.

Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—he is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs.

Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

David prays—Ahitophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life.

Isaiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hezekiah prays—the sun dial is turned back; his time is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free.

Nehemiah prays—the King's heart is softened in a moment.

Bara prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

The Church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out.

The Church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the door opens; every man's hands are loosed.

**CHRIST GIVING.**—Our Lord Jesus is ever giving, and does not for a solitary instant withdraw his hand. As long as there is a vessel of grace not yet full to the brim, the oil shall not be staid. He is a sun ever shining; he is manna always falling round the camp; he is a rock in the desert, ever sending out streams of life from his smitten side; the rain of his grace is always dropping; the river of his bounty is ever flowing, and the well-spring of his love is constantly overflowing. As the King can never die, so his grace can never fail. Daily we pluck his fruit, and daily his branches bend down to our hand with a fresh store of mercy. There are seven feast days in his weeks, and as many as are the days, so many are the banquets in his years. Who has ever returned from his door unblest? Who has ever risen from his table unsatisfied, or from his bosom unimparadised? His mercies are new every morning, and fresh every evening. Who can know the number of his benefits, or recount the list of his bounties? Every sand which drops from the glass of time is but the tardy follower of a myriad of mercies. The wings of our hours are covered with the silver of his kindness, and with the yellow gold of his affection. The river of time bears from the mountains of eternity the golden sand of his favor. The countless stars are but as the standard-bearers of a more innumerable host of blessings. Who can count the dust of the benefits which he bestows on Jacob, or tell the number of his mercies toward Israel? How shall my soul extol him who daily loadeth us with benefits, and who crowneth us with loving-kindness? O that my praise could be as ceaseless as his bounty! O miserable tongue, how canst thou be silent? Wake up, I pray thee, lest I call thee no more my glory, but my shame. "Awake psalter and harp; I myself will awake right early."—*Spurgeon.*

**THE LIGHTS IN THE TUNNEL.**—I was traveling upon a road which I had never passed over before. There was a long train of cars crowded with passengers. In the afternoon, while there yet remained an hour of daylight, I noticed the lamps were being lighted. We journeyed on, and I watched their faint glimmering flames; scarcely could they be distinguished in the bright light of day. I wondered why they were lighted so early. Suddenly we passed into darkness. Then the lights shone with a strong, steady ray. All through the tunnel they burned brilliantly. How dependent we were upon them! Could it be possible they were the same flames which a few minutes before burned so dimly? Yes, they were the same, only brought into view by the surrounding gloom.

How like God's promises, I thought. When the sun of prosperity shines upon us, we may greatly under-

value them. But when adversity and affliction inclose us with thick shades of night our faith bursts into a strong and steady flame, and chases away the darkness and gloom of despair. We feel how weak and feeble we are. We can not take one step without the light which comes from above to guide our wandering feet. Our souls rest upon God's promises as our only hope. Without them we should be in deepest night. Let us have true and living faith, and we may rest secure that when we need its cheering ray it will not desert us, but become a burning and shining light to guide us on our journey to the promised haven of rest.—*American Messenger.*

**BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD.**—There are many toiling ones whose time is not at their own command. But there is not one who can not hold converse with God. His ear can hear amid the clang and roar of machinery, or the hum of hundreds of voices. The heart can go up to him no matter what the surroundings. Wherever Abraham pitched his tent, there he raised up an altar to the Lord. So, wherever the Christian heart is, there is also an acceptable altar from which the incense of prayer and praise may ascend.

Yet there are few who may not, if they will, find time and place for private communion with God before entering on the morning's duties.

Luther, in his busiest seasons, felt that praying-time was never lost. When remarkably pressed with labors, he would say, "I have so much to do that I can not get on without three hours a day praying."

Sir Matthew Hale also bears testimony: "If I omit praying and reading God's Word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." How many of us may find here the cause of many of our failures, and consequent discontent and loss of happiness!

**THE SLEEP OF THE SOUL.**—The dreary thought of sleeping after death till the day of judgment—the idea that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob became insensible at death, and that the last thing which Jacob, for example, knew was Joseph's kiss, and the next thing he will know will be the archangel's trump, the interval of many thousand years being a perfect blank in his existence—is so unlike the benevolent order of God's providence in nature and grace, that it can not gain much credence with believers in the simple representations of the Bible. What a mockery Elijah's translation seems upon that theory! Whither was he translated? Did the chariot of fire, and the horses of fire, convey him to a dreamless sleep of a thousand years? Was that pomp, that emblazonry, all that fiery pageant, a deception signifying nothing but that the greatest of earthly prophets was to begin a stupid slumber, which, this day, under a heaven with not one redeemed soul in it, and in a world where there is every thing to be done for God and men, holds him and every other dead saint in a useless suspension of their consciousness, and indeed, for so many ages, annihilation?—*Watson.*

**DO THY LITTLE.**—A certain king would build a cathedral, and that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade any from contributing to its erection in the least degree. A tablet was placed in the side

of the building, and on it his name was carved as the builder. But that night he saw, in a dream, an angel, who came down and erased his name, and the name of a poor widow appeared in its stead. This was three times repeated, when the enraged king summoned the woman before him, and demanded, "What have you been doing? and why have you broken my commandment?" The trembling woman replied, "I loved the Lord, and longed to do something for his name, and for the building up of his church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way; so, in my poverty, I brought a wisp of hay for the horses that drew the stones." And the king saw that he had labored for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of God, and he commanded that her name should be inscribed upon the tablet.

**LIGHT.**—The first creature of God, in the work of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breathes and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well, "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage-ground of truth—a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene—and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below; so always that this prospect be with piety, and not with swelling or pride." Certainly, it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Lord Bacon.*

**THE BIBLE IN THE HEART.**—The heart of the Christian should resemble "that famous picture of King Charles the First, which had the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head." So, by the hand of our own diligent study, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, should that book, with all other books of Scripture, be written in the heart—the picture—the image rather—nay, the living image of the great King who won, not lost, his crown through death.

Let us seek to transcribe on this inner tablet at least one verse every day—one verse, whether of doctrine, or warning, or promise, till the time shall come when, as often as we look in upon the records of memory and the characters of affection, our glance shall meet some enlightening, reclaiming, supporting word of the Father. How many a saint has known the blessedness of this familiarity with Bible truths in Bible language—bringing them vividly before the eye of the mind, when the outward eye had waxed dim by reason of age, and could no longer read what it would have been tenfold anguish to forget then!

**RECONCILIATION.**—There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persian: "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

## Editor's Study.

## WHAT CAN WOMEN DO?

THE advancing thought and activity of the world are thrusting upon society some serious questions with which former ages were but little disturbed. Among these questions, by no means the least important or least urgent, are questions relating to the welfare and necessities of women. At one time, and in many countries, the whole question of woman's necessities was speedily disposed of, by assigning her a position far inferior and subordinate to that of man, and her destiny was accepted as a mere helpmate for her masculine lord and master. The rights of woman's property raised no question, for it was scarcely possible for her to become a proprietor. Her education was totally neglected, both because it was supposed she was incapable of any considerable degree of mental culture, and because no education was needed for the inferior and menial position she occupied. The means by which she might reach social independence and self-maintenance were never thought of, as the idea itself was supposed to be preposterous. By nature and destiny she was a dependent being, to be provided for by her husband, whom it was her duty very largely to assist in the maintenance of the family, and after his death, if preceding her own, still to be dependent on other male relatives.

These views and arrangements prevail even into a very advanced state of civilization, and even yet but a small portion of the world has outgrown them. The influence of Christianity in its perhaps slow but sure progress, has been gradually dissolving these notions inherited from pagan barbarism, or, if you please, pagan civilization. Much as some of the most advanced advocates of woman's interests condemn the Bible, and feel aggrieved by the wholesome limitations of Christianity, every reader of history knows the only stream of light in behalf of woman which has been flowing down through the ages, is that which has been issuing from the Word of God; and that the only religion of the world that has ennobled woman and given her a recognition as equal in sublime destiny with man, is the religion of the New Testament. The women of the Old Testament, too, long before the name of woman was doubly sanctified by the ministrations of Christ in the homes of the Marys and Marthas of the Gospel, were immeasurably elevated above their sisters in all the surrounding nations.

Christianity, if it does not originate, certainly disseminates and enforces in the world the doctrine of the moral equality of men and women in the sight of God, and assigns to both alike a destiny full of responsibilities and capable of momentous results. As the world apprehended this Christian thought, the sexes began more nearly to approach each other; the marriage relation became more sacred and indissoluble; the relation of wife and mother became more significant and responsible; the mental and moral necessities of woman became more obvious and impera-

tive; her individuality was more clearly recognized; her rights and claims upon society more clearly defined; and, consequent upon all these, the necessity of larger opportunities and of better means by which she might be prepared for the responsibilities and rights of her new position, was more clearly discerned. The doors of education were opened to women, and education means learning to think. Woman began to think for herself and in behalf of herself, and repelling with indignation the wrongs of the past, she began to assert the rights of her new position, and in the heat of debate conceived a still more independent position for herself, in which she should be absolutely the participator with man in all the duties and responsibilities, emoluments and honors of domestic, social, and political life.

In the mean time the same advancing civilization has developed a new phase of social life, in which the wars, the ambitions, the wild adventures, the schemes of conquest, and the chivalry of the past, have been supplanted by intense devotion to the industries of life. Trade, manufactures, commerce, literature, all aiming at wealth and independence as the ideal of earthly success, crowd and intensify the life of to-day. While so many are intensely struggling after wealth, and the great ideal of life with multitudes is to accumulate vast fortunes, and to live in a style commensurate with their fortunes, multitudes more are driven, by the very force of this battle for wealth, face to face with the stern question of how to live at all. Among these latter multitudes are many women on whom is laid the necessity of providing for themselves. The same intense desire for wealth and independence has also seized many women whom no necessity would drive into the marts of trade and industry, but who would enter them of choice. They assert their right to enter the lists with men; they claim equal ability for all the ordinary avocations, and demand that all distinctions and limitations be cast aside, and that the doors be opened to women to every employment and responsibility hitherto usurped by men.

Hence the question heading this article—what can women do?—becomes a complex one, not only involving her mental and physical capabilities, but her relations to society; not only what she is *able* to do, but what in society as it is she *may* do, and what in the assertion of her own rights she demands to be permitted to do. This last part of the question we can shortly dispose of by saying that the most advanced of her representatives demand for her "a perfect equalization for all purposes whatever, not distinctly precluded by physiological differences of the male and the female portions of the race." With regard to this demand we have only now to say, that if fully stated and defined it may not be far from the true statement of the case, for it contains within itself a limitation that it will take a long time to settle, and which, in despite of all human demands and legislation, will assert itself through all time as an effectual bar to "the perfect



equalization of the sexes for *all purposes whatever*." Without concerning ourselves at present with this comprehensive demand in behalf of woman, we turn to the other sides of this question which are more immediately practical and urgent.

On multitudes of women modern society itself, by its constitution and methods, has thrust the question—what can we do? Many women are obliged to provide for themselves, and often, too, for others dependent upon them. Multitudes of women are left in widowhood with children dependent upon them; thousands of young girls either in orphanage, or with parents who are struggling to "keep the wolf from the door," must maintain themselves, or assist in bringing bread to the household; many more either voluntarily or involuntarily do not marry, and must look for the means of self-support. Perhaps one-third of the women of this country are under the stern necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions. How few are the opportunities that society affords them for gaining this support is obvious to all. Some are driven to the necessity of leaving their young children day by day, and going out to labor in order to bring them bread at night; others sew away their strength for the pittance which barely keeps famine from their doors; a small proportion compared with the whole multitude are found clerking in dry-goods stores, conducting fancy stores of their own, and in teaching; various branches of manufacturing give employment to many more, and domestic service gives a support to others, very few, however, of our own countrywomen. It is sad enough for the female to be left in this state of self-dependence; but society renders it still more sad and vastly more dangerous, by limiting her to so few spheres of action, and most of these of a menial character. This arrangement is a vast injustice and wrong to women. In some of its features it is a vast meanness on the part of men; while in many instances base men, taking advantage of these stern necessities, convert the whole system into one of downright wickedness and rascality.

We believe the highest and holiest work for woman is that which she accomplishes in the relation of wife and mother; but this relation is not always subject to her own choice, nor do we believe that society should thrust this necessity upon her. It can not be otherwise than a degradation to woman, and for that matter to the whole married relation, that marriage should so much wear the aspect of an ultimatum for woman, and that so many females should be compelled to contemplate it only as the most feasible and respectable means of obtaining a living. The opportunities of independent self-support for woman should be such as to leave it a matter of choice with her, whether to enter, from high and proper motives, the married relation, or to pursue a life of singleness and self-maintenance. We would remove from woman all necessity of marriage which springs from a mere sense of dependence, or from fears of future want, or of inability independently to provide for herself. There would be left to her the deeper and holier instincts of her own nature, which are God's guarantee for the future of the race, while her liberty of choice would ennoble both her and the relation into which she would voluntarily enter. This would remove all thought of degradation, inferi-

ority, or dependence; would make both parties equals in the married relation; would make man more than ever a solicitor of her hand, and more than ever considerate of the welfare and happiness of her who had no other necessity or motive for becoming his companion than her love and choice. It would secure to woman exactly that independence which would enable her to take more time and larger observation in making her choice, and which would save her from the danger and temptation of hasty marriage, for fear of being left for life under the disabilities which now press upon unmarried women.

While we thus believe that woman should be placed in such relations to society as to leave her entirely free to choose whether to marry or not—and so far we heartily agree with the "reformers"—when they would extend this freedom within the marriage compact itself, and demand that the parties shall still be free, on a thousand excuses, to annul the compact and separate, we wholly and uncompromisingly dissent. Let society remove the disadvantages of woman as far as possible; let it give her opportunities of self-maintenance; let both parties be free to marry or not to marry, without either accepting it as a destiny or being driven to it by fear of want, and then let society demand, for its own welfare and protection, that the compact shall be indissoluble except only for the disloyalty of one of the parties.

We would thus, first of all, demand for woman enlarged opportunities for self-support, that she may occupy a position of greater independence in relation to the question whether she will assume the duties, responsibilities, and burdens of marriage—not to speak of its joys and blessings—or bear the burdens of life alone. But with multitudes there can be no choice. They must remain single. They must support themselves. There will be widows with dependent families, and there will be households in which the females of the family must assist in the support. The question is not one merely of social improvement, but of social necessity. The demand for enlarged fields of female activity is not only the cry of a few "reforming women," it is the almost despairing cry of struggling thousands, who live on the verge of want, and many of them consequently on the verge of crime.

The question—what can woman do?—has limitations on two sides—first, the limitations of her own nature, and, secondly, the limitations of social sentiment. Ought not these limitations be brought to one side only? and should not social sentiment conform itself to the proposition, that woman should be allowed to do whatever she is capable of doing? Is she not debarred from many avocations for no other reason than custom or prejudice? Are there not many pursuits now monopolized by men, that could be followed as well by women, and are there not many things now done by men, that could be better done by women? Let mere custom and prejudice step aside and give place to the simple question, What is woman capable of doing? and she must answer this question for herself. She must do it in the struggle and competition of life. The data from the past and present of woman's history are insufficient for a present answer. It must be determined by competition and experiment. The duty of woman will then be, in the spirit of Rosa

Bonheur, not to demand certain rights, but to assert them by proving her ability to use and hold them.

If this enlarged field of action were opened to woman, we believe the limitations to her capability would be only physical, or rather, perhaps, physiological. Mentally, she would probably be found to be an equal competitor with man in most of the avocations of life. For it is a gross and false piece of reasoning to infer a permanent intellectual inferiority of woman, because past social habits and incomplete education have given hitherto certain advantages to men. Give her equal opportunities for mental culture, and the stimulus of broad fields of mental activity, and she would doubtless be found capable of any employment and responsibility, the qualifications for which are intelligence, acuteness, quickness, good taste, and good sense. For clerkships, for book-keepers, for teachers, for writers, for conductors of many branches of business, she would be the equals of men, and in some kinds of business doubtless their superiors. In literature and in some of the fine arts they are already vindicating their claim to recognition.

But in this effort at independence and self-support woman's real and permanent disabilities would be physiological, by which we mean that she is a woman; and no laws, no social habits, no opportunities, could transform her womanly nature; could change the essential elements of her constitution, by which the Creator fitted her to be not a competitor, but a helpmeet for man, and "the mother of all living." Her glory

in her true nature and mission is her disability when circumstances lead her from this true destiny, and either voluntarily or involuntarily she becomes self-dependent and a competitor in the struggle for life. Physically she is weaker; physiologically she is more delicately constituted, and in her womanly nature she is more gentle, modest, sensitive than man; and some of these she can not change, and others she has no right to lose, unless she is prepared to sacrifice her womanly nature for personal independence, or is compelled by stern necessity to crush down as much as possible her womanliness, to save herself and others from want. Physiological disabilities necessarily exclude woman from many avocations requiring strength and physical effort, and from others which would effectually destroy every element of a true womanly nature. Society, therefore, owes it to her welfare and necessity, that no further disabilities should be laid upon her than those which arise from the permanent and essential elements of her nature. Every impediment arising out of mere social habit or prejudice should be removed out of her way; she should be furnished with every advantage which a complete education could give her, and then should be welcomed into every avocation for which she would be thus fitted, and should receive for her services in any position she could fill an equal compensation with men.

We had intended to speak of some vocations for which we think women would be found eminently fitted, but have exhausted our space.

## Literary Notices.

**CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.** By Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. I. A—B. 8vo. Pp. 946. Cloth. \$5. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As the first volume of this great work so fully and so satisfactorily fills all the indications and promises of the prospectus, and is a sufficient assurance that the remaining volumes will fill the entire bill, we can do no better for our readers than to indicate to them what the present volume is, and the others are to be, from the promises of the editors and publishers. The aim of the work "is to furnish a book of reference on all the topics of the science of theology, in its widest sense, under one alphabet. It includes, not only articles on the Bible and its literature, but also upon all the subjects belonging to historical, doctrinal, practical theology. There is no Dictionary in the English language which seeks to cover the same ground, except upon a comparatively small scale." Some of the special points of superiority in this over other Dictionaries are thus stated in the Prospectus:

"I. IN BIBLICAL LITERATURE. The Cyclopædia contains an account of every proper name found in the common English translation of the Holy Scriptures, including the Apocrypha, and noting erroneous renderings. These are all arranged in their proper alphabetical order, and the correct pronunciation carefully marked by an accent.

"Each person or place is accurately distinguished from all

others of the same name; and in all cases, where it could be of any service, every passage in which a name of person or place occurs is distinctly cited, and its contents given with at least sufficient fullness to enable the reader to identify any name sought.

"Every animal, plant, mineral, implement, or other object mentioned or alluded to in the Bible, and, indeed, every Scriptural word concerning which explanation or illustration is required, is inserted in the same manner.

"The original (Hebrew, Chaldean, or Greek) word is in every case subjoined to the English name, and if the latter is the translation of several different words in the original, they are all given, with the exact equivalent in English letters of each, its precise signification, and its rendering in the Septuagint version—in its various readings—and also—when the signification, or some other fact, is doubtful—in other ancient translations, the passages being immediately designated in which any variety in these or in the authorized English version is found.

"Topical articles are systematically inserted, giving a general view of every branch of Biblical knowledge, whether the terms under which they properly fall occur in the Bible or not. So, for instance, articles on Canon, Biblical Criticism, Commentaries, Harmonies, etc., are given, and their literature brought up to the present time.

"All the noted Biblical Manuscripts and Versions are described in detail under their proper titles, in addition to a general survey of these subjects under the heads, 'Manuscripts,' 'Versions,' &c.

"This work contains a popular but accurate statement of the elements and chief peculiarities of each of the original Languages of the Bible—Hebrew, Chaldean, and Greek—and

also of the alphabet and grammatical and syntactical structure, with lists of Grammars, Lexicons, etc., of the cognate tongues; namely, the Arabic, Syriac, Ethiopic, etc.; while other more general articles of a philological character—e. g. 'Comparative Philology,' 'Shemitic Languages'—are inserted for the purpose of exhibiting the connection and relations of the various languages.

"A careful *Introduction* to each Book of Scripture—including, as in all the foregoing items, the Apocrypha also—is given, and a full list of commentaries and other exegetical helps is appended.

"The apposite ancient or modern *Authority* is given in immediate connection with each statement requiring such support, and this is done by chapter and verse, or by volume and page of the author, definitely cited by the title of his work, so that every matter of fact may readily be verified. Along with each article, a statement of the literature—if there be any—connected with it is supplied, so that the reader may pursue the subject farther if he desires.

"*Pictorial Illustrations* have been freely introduced wherever they could be made to subserve the purpose of real elucidation, but not for mere embellishment. Maps have frequently been given for the same object, and for the sake of the reader's convenience they have been placed directly upon the page.

"II. THEOLOGY. Under the appropriate heads in this department will be found statements of

"1. The *Doctrines* of Christianity in general, with their history;

"2. The *Credo*s of the various Churches, and the peculiar *Tenets* of each ecclesiastical body, Protestant, Catholic, Greek, Oriental, or others, in ancient or modern times;

"3. *Heresies and controversies*, so far as they have affected the General History of the Church;

"4. The important non-Christian Religions.

"III. CHURCH HISTORY. In addition to the information in this department under other heads, there will be special articles on

"1. The rise, progress, and present condition of the various divisions of the Christian Church;

"2. The History of Christianity in each important country, under geographical titles;

"3. The various sees, dioceses, and local subdivisions of each branch of the Church;

"4. The Councils that have been held at different times in any city or place; also a sufficient description of the place itself, to show its importance and relation to the question;

"5. The Monastic Orders;

"6. Ecclesiastical *Statistics* of every Church and country, embracing numbers, religious associations and orders, missionary operations, church-boards, seminaries, and other institutions.

"IV. Religious BIOGRAPHY, ancient and modern. This department is treated with unusual completeness, detail, and accuracy, giving under each name,

"1. The chief facts in the life of popes, cardinals, bishops, reformers, saints, martyrs, evangelists, rabbies, or heretics;

"2. Brief sketches of eminent preachers and writers in every branch of the Church. Of course, every name of minor importance can not be given, but no effort has been spared to make this department of the work as complete as possible. With each name is given a list of the more important writings of the individuals. This department contains only the names of deceased persons.

"V. Ecclesiastical *Terms and Usages*, excepting only such as are purely local or transient; also, Rites, Ceremonies, Rituals, and Modes of Worship that are or have been prevalent within the pale of Christianity."

The work will be completed in six volumes, royal octavo, of about 1,000 pages each, copiously illustrated.

BENCH AND BAR: *A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law.* By L. J. Bigelow, Counselor at Law. With Portraits and Illustrations. Large 12mo. Pp. 364. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke

& Co.—This is a rich book, as full of wit and humor as a ripe peach is of sweetness. The author says, "I thought a thoroughly-collected and well-arranged volume of the anecdotes of the Bench and Bar would make a popular book, not only with lawyers, but the general reader; and this volume is the result of that idea." The collector has done his part admirably well, and we are sure "general readers" will not let the lawyers have all this feast of rich things to themselves.

WOOL-GATHERING. By Gail Hamilton. 16mo. Pp. 334. \$2. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The *raison d'être* of this spicy book is as follows: The irrepressible "Gail" came into possession of a fortune about a year ago. The fortune amounted to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Casting about for a safe and profitable investment, she determined to risk it in wool. One hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents were invested in twenty-five sheep. The odd half dollar she gave for commission, and the remaining twelve dollars were put in bank. In due time the profits of the investment were two pounds of wool to each sheep, which, sold at forty-five cents a pound, made twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. The wool-growing was in Minnesota, and now came the problem of how to collect the money due. "After a severe mental conflict," she decided to go and get it herself. The traveling, the scenes, the incidents, the observations and reflections, incident to a circuitous journey from the far East to the far West, and south through Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina, back to the point of starting, make up the contents of the book. It is not much to make a book out of, but the book is made, and will be abundantly read.

ISTHMUS OF PANAMA. *A History of the Panama Railroad, and of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, together with a Traveler's Guide and Business Man's Hand-Book for the Panama Railroad, and the Lines of Steamships Connecting it with Europe, the United States, the North and South Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, China, Australia, and Japan.* By F. N. Otis, M. D. With Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 317. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The ample title of this book will explain its nature and indicate its value to all whom it may concern.

COLLEGE LIFE: *Its Theory and Practice.* By Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. 12mo. Pp. 239. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Harpers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The volume contains four Baccalaureate Discourses, and seven Lectures. They are the closing literary labors of their eminent author, the lectures having been delivered during the last months of his life. They embody his mature and comprehensive views in relation to mental and moral culture, developed in the experience of nearly a quarter of a century spent in college halls; and their suggestions and counsels deserve the careful consideration of the undergraduates of the colleges of our land.

INDIANA MISCELLANY: *Consisting of Sketches of Indian Life, the Early Settlement, Customs, and Hardships of the People, and the Introduction of the Gospel and of Schools, together with Biographical Notices of the Pioneer Methodist Preachers of the State.* By Rev.

*William C. Smith, of the Indiana Conference.* 12mo. Pp. 304. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock, for the Author.—The title gives an excellent idea of the book, and the author has done a good work, and done it well, in gathering together, chiefly from his own memory and personal knowledge, these interesting sketches and incidents. The work is dedicated to "the descendants of the early settlers of Indiana," and we think they will find in it many things to entertain and instruct them.

**A ROMANCE OF THE REPUBLIC.** By L. Maria Child. 12mo. Pp. 442. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mrs. Child is widely known for her long, earnest, and efficient activity in the great slavery agitation. Among the first to perceive its wicked and fatal character, she early signalized herself as an earnest denouncer of the evil both by speech and pen. In the present volume she shows her fidelity to her early principles, and in a happily-conceived plot and very readable style, she here exhibits still more of the evils of the terrible system, and points out the way to its thorough eradication. It is a timely and interesting book.

**HALF TINTS; Table D'Hôte and Drawing-Room.** 12mo. Pp. 232. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Light and easy reading in which the unknown author, with a piquant and sometimes racy pen, does up what may be seen of that great mystery, human nature, as it manifests itself at the table, in the drawing-room and parlor, and in sundry other places of a fashionable hotel. On the whole, rather pleasant views of the weak and useless side of humanity as displayed in fashionable life.

**ETHICS FOR OUR COUNTRY AND THE TIMES.** By B. P. Aydelotte, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 214. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This little volume, full of the live questions of the day, is written in an earnest style, and is conceived from a deeply-religious and moral standpoint. The relation of ethics to the welfare of nations is the theme of the volume. Nations are under obligation to obey God and regard the eternal laws of justice, mercy, and truth, as well as individuals, and will be rewarded for obedience and punished for disobedience. The chapters on the Ethics of compromises, of expediency, of divorce, of suffrage, of popular education, etc., are excellent. It is a thoughtful, truthful, earnest, and timely little book.

**THE ROMANCE OF THE AGE; or, the Discovery of Gold in California.** By Edward E. Dunbar. 12mo. Pp. 134. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A history of the discovery of gold in California. "I propose," says the author, "simply to rescue certain important facts from oblivion, hoping they may prove an instructive, entertaining record at the present time, and of use to the future historian." Many of the facts are from the author's personal knowledge, and others are gathered from living witnesses, participants in the scenes described.

**LITTLE DORRIT.** By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations, by S. Eytinge, jr. Diamond Edition. Pp. 480. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The diamond edition still main-

tains its supremacy. The type is small but wonderfully clear, and may be read with ease. The illustrations are fresh and striking.

**THE EARLY YEARS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE CONSORT.** Compiled under the Direction of Her Majesty, the Queen, by Lieut.-General, the Hon. C. Grey. 12mo. Pp. 371. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This volume was originally compiled solely for private circulation among personal friends who would naturally be interested in the story of the early days of the Prince. As, however, there was danger of a copy being surreptitiously obtained and published, possibly in a garbled form, it was determined to avert this danger by publishing it under the Queen's immediate supervision. The enterprising American publishers have given it an early and fitting issue in this country. It is a good book, and every true heart will accept it as a noble and merited tribute from a loving wife to the memory of a worthy and exemplary husband. The free and unreserved expression of the Queen's own feelings, as well as those of the Prince, will command the entire sympathy of every one whose sympathy or good opinion is to be desired.

**LOUISA OF PRUSSIA AND HER TIMES.** An Historical Novel, by L. Muhlbach. Translated from the German by F. Jordan. With Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 277. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is one of the most interesting of the many historical romances which have been flowing from the pen of Mrs. Muhlbach.

**GOOD STORIES.** Small Quarto. Pp. 200. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is the initial number of another enterprise by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, in which they propose to publish, in cheap and attractive form, a valuable collection of short stories, tales, and sketches. Each number is a small quarto, appropriately illustrated, and easy to the hand. The stories are to be choice. The type is large, and can be easily read.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, August and September. Parts I and II. 30 cents. London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,** July, 1867. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

**ALIC FORBES, OF HOWGLEN.** A Novel. By George Mac Donald, M. A., author of "A Quiet Neighborhood," etc. No. 294 of the Library of Select Novels. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

**HARPER'S WRITING-BOOK.** A System of Symmetrical Penmanship, with Marginal Drawing Lessons. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. In Ten Numbers. It pleases us better than any system we have ever seen.

**CATALOGUES.**—Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Delaware, Rev. John Wilson, A. M., President. Thorntown Academy, Thorntown, Indiana, John P. Rous, A. M., Principal. Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas, Rev. Joseph Denison, D. D., President.



## Literary, Pictorial, and Statistical Items.

**BLACK WALNUT TIMBER.**—A few years ago mahogany and rose-wood were considered the only timber fit for fashionable furniture. More recently our manufacturers have discovered that American native timber is just as elegant and susceptible of as high a polish. This is especially the case with the black walnut. The trade in this valuable wood is growing yearly, and there are no signs of a curtailment of the supply. The Toledo Blade says of the black lumber business at that point: "A few years ago, when the movement of black walnut lumber was but a tithe of what it has been for two years past, it was predicted that the supply would soon be exhausted, but it is shown by the receipts and shipments in 1866-67, to date, there are no more indications of exhaustion than when the prediction alluded to was made. In 1866 the quantity of black walnut lumber received and shipped was largely in excess of any previous year, and astonished not only strangers, but our own citizens; but the increase this year to July 13th, is as great as was that of 1866 over previous seasons."

**GROWTH OF KANSAS.**—Kansas is rapidly growing in population. Leavenworth is now a city of 30,000 inhabitants; Lawrence of 8,000 or 10,000; Topeka, the capital, 3,000. Manhattan is a thriving town, and Salina is the present termination of the Pacific Railroad. The population of Kansas is estimated to be about 250,000.

**NICKEL.**—Now that our specie circulation is based so largely upon nickel, it may be interesting to the reader to know something of the locality and character of the mines whence this mineral is taken. The few facts about to be quoted with reference to them, are taken from a Pennsylvania newspaper, published in the vicinity of the mines, the largest of which are situated in that State. "Fourteen miles from Lancaster," says the journal in question, "are the Gap Mines and smelting works. These mines were discovered many years ago, and about the time of the Revolutionary War were worked for copper, but were soon abandoned, the crude machinery of that period being ill-adapted to working them profitably. Two generations had passed away, and the circumstance had been forgotten, when, about fifteen years ago, the mines were reopened by a company of capitalists from Philadelphia, since which they have been steadily worked. They were reopened with the view of obtaining copper, but the ore was soon discovered to be richer in nickel, a more valuable mineral, and since then they have been worked for that metal exclusively. In all, about one hundred and fifty men are employed at the mines and smelting works." The nickel produced by these mines is nearly all used by the Government in the coinage of its small pieces, in all of which, from one penny up to the five-cent piece, a large admixture of this metal is used.

**AN OVER-GROWN LAKE.**—Spanish Lake, situated two or three miles above New Iberia, Louisiana, and

one hundred and fifty miles from the Teche, is fed by springs, and more than half its surface is covered by floating turf, whose roots are interwoven so closely that a man may walk on it. It looks like a flat prairie to those who travel on its banks. At all seasons except Winter, it is green as our prairies in April. By cutting through this floating turf, fine fish in abundance may be caught. In time this turf will cover the whole lake.

**ALASKA.**—The trade of our newly-acquired Alaska, in skins and furs, in 1866, amounted to \$1,500,000. These furs consist of sea otter, seals, blue and white foxes, mink, muskrat, beaver, and bears. Heretofore whalers have not been allowed to land for business purposes on any part of the territory. This restriction is of course removed by the treaty. Fishing and fur companies are organizing on the Pacific coast. In San Francisco, the North Pacific Fur Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, has recently been organized. The charter is liberal in its provisions, and is in the hands of some of the best business men on the Pacific slope.

**CALICO PRINTING.**—The Cocheco print works at Dover, New Hampshire, embrace an area of six acres, and the buildings, which are seven stories high, are arranged in the form of a hollow square. The spindles run number 48,232, and the looms 1,200, and these consume 4,700 bales of cotton yearly, and produce 12,000,000 yards of cloth. A thousand hands, six hundred of them women and girls, are employed in the mills, and their wages average from four to eight dollars a week. For several years past the company has paid in dividends \$100,000 every six months, and in June, over and above this, \$300,000 of the capital stock was divided among the stockholders, leaving the working capital an even million.

**FIRST AMERICAN BIBLE.**—This was published at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1663, in the Indian language, as it was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures in the Colonies. It was the famous Bible of Elliot, the missionary, about 1,500 copies of which were struck off. These are now rare and sealed books—rare, because only a very few copies can be found in our public libraries; sealed, because the tongue in which they were written has literally become a dead language, for the tribe and all who had a knowledge of their dialect have ceased to exist. But it remains a striking monument of the piety, learning, and perseverance of the apostolic Elliot.

**BEAUTY OF IRISH WOMEN.**—An enthusiastic writer of the Paris Constitutionnel has been visiting Ireland, and was charmed with the beauty of the women. He says: "No European race, that of the Caucasus excepted, can compete with it in beauty. The Irish blood is of a purity and distinction, especially among the females, which strikes all strangers with astonishment. The transparent whiteness of the skin, the absorbing attraction, which in other parts of Europe is the attri-

bute of one woman in a thousand, is here the general type. The daughter of the poor man, as well as the fine lady, possesses an opal or milky tint, the arms of a statue, the foot and hand of a duchess, and the bearing of a queen."

**SCANDINAVIAN IMMIGRANTS.**—The Norwegian and Swedish papers, published in the North-West, are filled with notices of the great immigration from the old Northern Hive, which has again set in. In one week 1,300 passed through Chicago, of whom 850 were Norwegians, 395 Swedes, and 100 Danes.

**ARTESIAN WELLS IN ALGERIA.**—The artesian wells in Algeria, long attempted without success, now number probably about one hundred, delivering from one to two million gallons of water per hour, and converting deserts into fine gardens wherever they have been bored. The work is going on, defrayed by tax upon the benefited population, and is destined to reclaim incalculable wastes. In a single district—Ouled Rir—stretching far south into the desert, and now containing thirty-five wells, 2,000 new gardens have been formed and 150,000 date-trees planted. Four military boring brigades, well provided with implements, and with growing skill and experience, are steadily pushing on the conquest of the desert, and with almost unerring success in every attempt.

**PACIFIC RAILROAD.**—Work on the Central Pacific Railroad is pushed forward with energy, and it is expected to be completed over the mountains in November. Sixteen thousand workmen are engaged in grading from San Francisco to Truckee Summit, and a tunnel 1658 feet long was finished in August. Large orders have been sent East by the company for cars and locomotives. The business of the road this year was largely in excess of last year, the gross earnings for June being \$122,000 in coin.

**CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.**—The extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summit of Snowdon and Ben Nevis have many millions of tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue, which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in one hundred and seventy-five days, about 170,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of

water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be accumulated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of the trees. Dahlias are also colored by similar process.

**THE GERMAN EXODUS.**—The increase of German emigration to America since the recent extension of the rule of Prussia over that nation has been remarkable. This increase is caused by the fact that those Germans born under the rule of Austria refuse to serve in the Prussian landwehr, or militia, from which that army is recruited. They prefer rather to emigrate. This idea is borne out by the fact that nearly all the emigrants for the past six months have been young men—very few women coming with them. For the six months ending July 1st, 21,478 emigrants have reached Ohio, seeking homes in the fertile West, against 12,909 for the same time in 1866, showing an increase of 8,569. The arrivals for the six months of this year are as follows: January, 1,447; February, 1,299; March, 1,975; April, 3,696; May, 3,524; July, 9,437. The majority of these emigrants are from Prussia and Hanover. All of them, even the Prussians, do not like their Government. "I do not remember," says Mr Campen, an agent in Ohio, "that in any former year so many people have arrived from Germany who were possessed of means and designed making permanent settlement. The United States has reason to congratulate herself at the increase of inhabitants by the emigration of such a superior class of people. I would not be surprised if the emigration next year was even greater than this."

**CHATTANOOGA.**—Chattanooga is situated on the Tennessee River, 480 miles from its mouth, and with 1,100 miles of river navigation above it on the Tennessee and its tributaries. The Tennessee drains 42,000 square miles of territory, only 3,600 miles less than the area of the whole State of Tennessee. This territory includes North Alabama above the Muscle Shoals, and twenty-six counties of East Tennessee, containing a population in 1860 of 200,125. There are 800 miles of the Tennessee River proper navigable at the present time for first-class steamers, while but 230 miles can be navigated by boats from St. Louis on account of the Muscle Shoals.

**KEEPING MILK.**—A French chemist, having proved by practical test that fresh milk can be kept sweet and good for almost any given period, has received a prize of fifteen hundred francs from the French Academy of Science. Hereafter dairymen can keep milk sweet as long as they please, "in spite of thunder."

**SWITZERLAND.**—Switzerland has about 3,500,000 inhabitants and 345 scientific and literary publications; while France, with ten times the population, has but about 500 journals and magazines. The solution of this is in the fact that in Switzerland the people all receive some education, and consequently can read and take the papers, while in France less than one-half can read.

## Retrospect of Religious Intelligence.

**PORTUGAL.**—Protestantism is strengthening and extending itself in this most bigoted land. The present rising is favorable to religious toleration, and Protestant Missionary Societies are, therefore, improving the opportunity of gaining a firm footing. The British and Foreign Bible Society are informed of an increasing readiness to buy the sacred books of the Society's colporteurs, regardless of the displeasure of the priests. Both in Lisbon and Oporto, English men and women are laboring in a quiet way, and are meeting with their reward in gaining souls to the cause of Protestant truth and freedom.

**POWER OF THE WORD.**—In the Fiji Island, at a recent examination of twenty-eight native young men as candidates for the ministry, oft-repeated mention was made of the New Testament as the only means employed by the Holy Spirit in their conviction and conversion. More than two-thirds of a company of 200 native helpers trace their hopeful conversion to the reading of their Testaments, without any counsel, admonition, or spiritual instruction from any one. The Word has power wherever it is preached.

**REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH.**—The whole number of ministers connected with the Reformed Dutch Church in this country is 452, of whom 107 are without pastoral charge. The whole number of persons added the past year is 4,284, or an average of about 10 to a Church. The sum contributed for purposes of general Christian benevolence during the year is \$277,000.

**FRIENDS.**—At a late annual meeting of the Society of Friends, held in London, it was reported that there were 6,474 males, and 7,312 females, making a total of only 13,786 in England. It is painfully evident that the years of this time-honored sect are numbered. Its members, in this country, it is true, are still quite numerous, but outside of certain localities in the Eastern and Middle States, they are almost unknown. It is steadily and surely diminishing in numbers. The aged fall, and the young men and maidens, the saplings of the wood, transplant themselves to newer groves; the voids are left unfilled, and wide open spaces are every-where to be seen in the once thick and prosperous forest. We once heard one of their venerable fathers remark, in a voice tremulous with age, that when meditating upon the extinguishment of the sect, he derived great consolation from the thought that the probable cause of its decline was, that it had performed all the labor which the Almighty had seen fit to place before it, and therefore he was now about to give it rest. Their meeting-houses are going to decay; their chaste and beautiful dialect, which is music to the ear, is rarely heard; their quaint attire is even now regarded with respectful curiosity along the crowded thoroughfare; their sun is slowly approaching the western hills. The peaceful shades of night will soon gather about them; and the places which know them now will know them no more forever.

**THE SABBATH AT THE EXPOSITION.**—England and the United States are the only countries whose representatives at the great Paris Exposition observe the Sabbath. The departments of these two countries are regularly closed on that day. The correspondent of a New York paper relates the following concerning the influence exerted by this example: "As I passed in the course of my examination I overheard a gentleman, well known both in England and America, saying to his companion, 'This sight makes me proud of the Anglo-Saxon race;' while a Frenchman, not far from the previous speaker, made the observation, that 'these Protestant heretics keep the Catholic commandments better than the orthodox Catholics themselves.'"

**WEST CANADA METHODISM.**—Methodism, in Canada West, is said to embrace one-fourth of the entire people, and, relatively to population, is as strong as in any part of the world. The last year was one of much prosperity, not only spiritually, but in Church extension and in missionary effort.

**FRENCH PROTESTANTS.**—The Protestants of France are comprised mainly in the Reformed and Lutheran bodies. These are, in a sense, connected with the State; the pastor receiving a portion of his salary from the treasury. From the former, however, a number have separated, refusing this aid, and are called the Free Church. The youngest of the Monods is of this branch.

**THE PRUSSIAN NATIONAL CHURCH.**—A great struggle is now agitating the State Church in Prussia, in consequence of the acquisition of new countries, thus enlarging boundaries. The Prussian National Church was a so-called United Church, combining in one the Lutheran and the Reformed. But the Lutheran portion entered into this union very reluctantly, many Lutherans refusing to do so at all, and separating themselves from the State Church entirely. A strong effort is now being made by Lutherans, both within and without the State Church, to explode the union utterly; and inasmuch as in Hanover and Hesse, Lutheran and Reformed Churches are separated, the enemies of the union are making great efforts entirely to dissolve the State Church as a united body. What the result will be we must wait to see.

**ANCIENT HEBREW COMMUNITY.**—There is a community of Samaritans, a fragment of the old Hebrew mixture, still at the foot of Mount Gerizim, where they had their temple and their diluted Jewish worship five hundred years before Christ. They number only about one hundred and fifty souls, and their Turkish neighbors, the Nabloos, do not seem to like them any more than the Jews used to do. Some time ago they made the door of their synagogue five feet and a half high, instead of four feet, and repaired a portion of the pavement. The Turks declared the repairs illegal and tore the building down.

**DENOMINATIONS IN EUROPE.**—A recent statistical and well authenticated table gives the following Religious statistics of Europe:

Roman Catholics.....	137,300,000
Protestants.....	65,400,000
Greek Catholics.....	74,000
Dissenters.....	354,000
Jews.....	3,400,000
Mohammedans.....	4,800,000

It will be seen that the Roman Catholics outnumber all others by about 2 to 1.

Great Britain has twice as many Protestants as any other country. Prussia comes next. Belgium has about

5,000,000 Catholics, and 20,000 Protestants. Austria and Russia contain the largest number of Jews.

**REUNION STATISTICS.**—The Presbyterian states that if the two branches of the Presbyterian Church shall be reunited, there will result 50 synods, 285 presbyteries, 4,172 ministers, 365 licentiates, 585 candidates, 4,182 churches, 407,889 communicants, 358,265 in Sabbath schools. Our contributions would be for foreign missions, perhaps \$300,000; home missions, \$250,000; education, \$200,000; publication, \$50,000; congregational, \$5,000,000; other objects, \$1,500,000.

### Editor's Table.

**FEMALE SUFFRAGE.**—Just as we close up our present number we receive an article on Female Suffrage criticising our editorial of the August number on this subject. In passing we may remark that this is the only one we have received opposing our views, and this one from a gentleman, while we have received many from our lady correspondents thanking us for maintaining their "right to be women and not men." But our object is not to speak of either commendation or criticism, but to point out to our correspondents the impossibility of making the Repository a medium of controversy on this or any other subject. And by this we do not mean an unwillingness to entertain earnest and vigorous discussions of the living questions of the day. Indeed, we earnestly desire articles of this kind, containing well-digested and well-written thoughts on subjects which are of present interest and agitation. But with these as with all other articles we must be allowed to "accept" or "decline" them on their literary merits. Nor do we desire to prescribe which side of these living questions our contributors shall advocate. What we mean is that our circumstances render it impossible to use the Repository as a medium of debate with replies and rejoinders. The Repository is a monthly magazine, and from the necessities of the press-work of our large edition, and of our engraving department, we are obliged to work a long time in advance of our time of issue. As an illustration, our article on Female Suffrage appeared in the August number. On this second day of September we receive a criticism of it. But on this second day of September our September number is already out; we are just writing the last lines of our October number, and about one-half of the contents of our November number are in type. Under the most favorable circumstances this criticism might appear in November, possibly not till December. The result would be a reply in November or December to an article published in the preceding August, and a rejoinder to this reply might possibly appear next April. We use this simply as an illustration of the impossibility of conducting a debate or controversy in the Repository. While we thus find ourselves cut off from the use of this kind of communications, we shall thankfully receive and gladly

use, as far as we possibly can, well-prepared and well-written articles on either side of these living questions.

**CENTENARY GROUP.**—On our table is another product of our Centenary movement in the shape of a photographic picture of two hundred American Methodist ministers and laymen. In the center is the likeness of Mr. Wesley, and around this center are arranged his successors in seven concentric ellipses, passing by gradation through succeeding generations of eminent men to the outermost circles, in which are arranged some of the prominent men of the living present. Mrs. Barbara Heck, the foundress of American Methodism, has a prominent place in the first circle, and through the other circles are distributed a good share of eminent local ministers and laymen. The picture we think is a decided success. We could wish some of the portraits were a little more true, but it would be hardly possible to group together two hundred portraits more lifelike, natural, and accurate than are these. A very pleasing feature in this picture is the uniformity in the size of the likenesses. It is in itself an interesting and valuable contribution to the history of Methodism, and will be an ornament in our Methodist families, proving more valuable as the years multiply. We accept it as the most complete pictorial representation of the Centenary Year. The picture was designed and compiled by Rev. C. C. Goss, and is published at Mrs. C. C. Goss's Ministerial Portrait Gallery, New York. It is issued only by agents, and an agent is desired by the publishers in every Church. Arrangements for this purpose can be made by addressing Mrs. C. C. Goss, 200 Mulberry-street, New York.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—Notes from Milan; Playing; Indian Summer; Home; The Past and Future; Pen Pictures; The Only Gift, etc.; Snow Bound; My Wife and Boys; Honesty the Best Policy; The White Hen; Mary Bonsanquet; Faith, Hope, and Charity; Getting Settled; The Supernatural.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—Faded, but not Forever; I've been Thinking; Change and Decay; A Summer Storm; Gentle Mama; Growing Rich; Longings; Scenes from my Journal; The Ruins of Babylon; True Honor.



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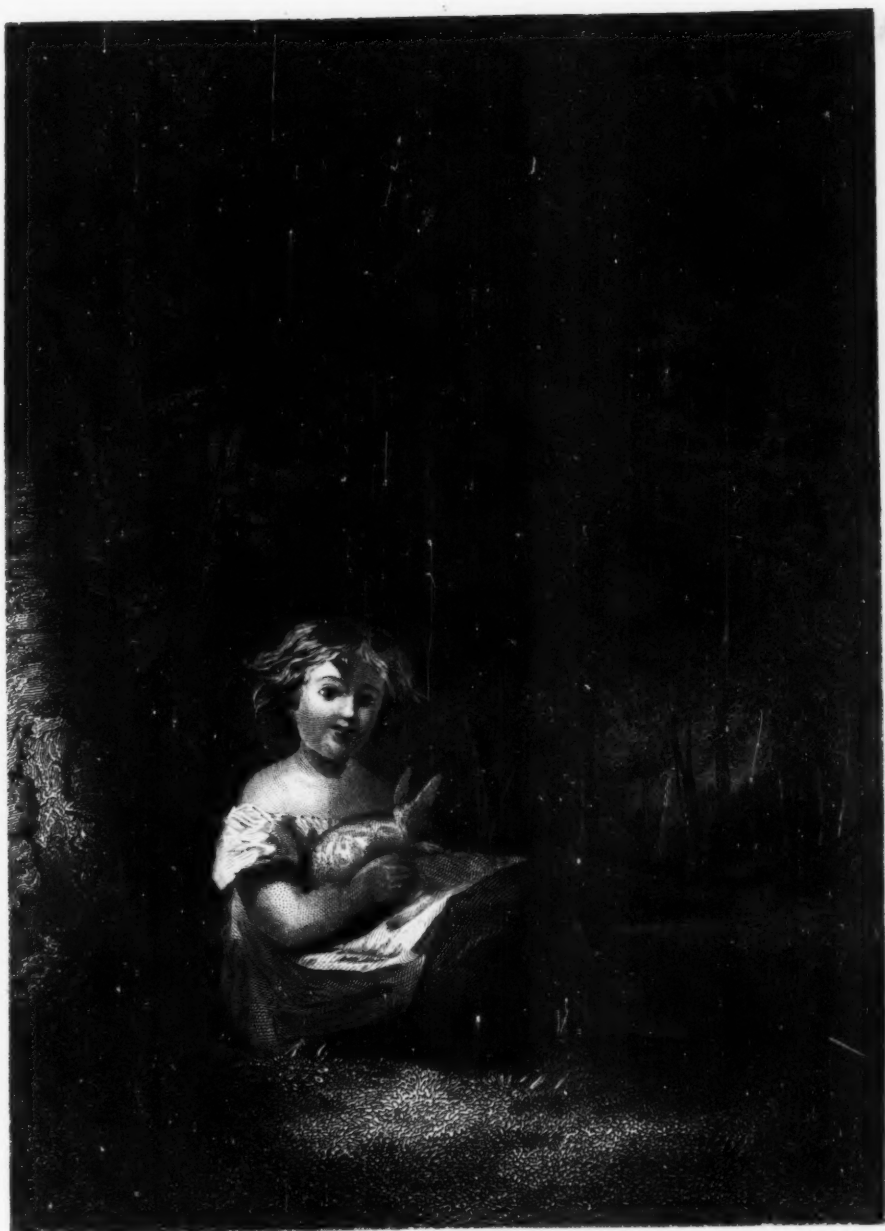
A black and white photograph of a dramatic landscape. In the foreground, a large, dark, silhouetted tree stands on a rocky outcrop. The middle ground shows a body of water reflecting the sky, with a small, dark structure visible on the right. The background features a steep, rocky cliff face. The sky is filled with large, dramatic clouds, and a bright light source, possibly the sun or moon, is visible near the horizon, creating a strong glow and reflection on the water.

Figures courtesy for the "Lanes Report" (submitted) by R. H. Hildebrand from a review by J. J. Hansen, MHA.









A young child in a dark, cavernous setting, illuminated by a single light source, creating a dramatic effect. The child is wearing a light-colored, patterned garment and is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a cave or a dark room.

Uor M